Man TO Man

NOVEMBER · 60¢ · K

The Strange Death of JACQUES MOSSLER

DIAMONDS FROM THE SEA

MIKE BERRY on the ISLE of CAPRI

THE BEAUTY and the BULL RING

THE "PILL" and U.S. MORALITY

an Exclusive Article from our Sex Survey

THE KISS of the VAMPIRE in history

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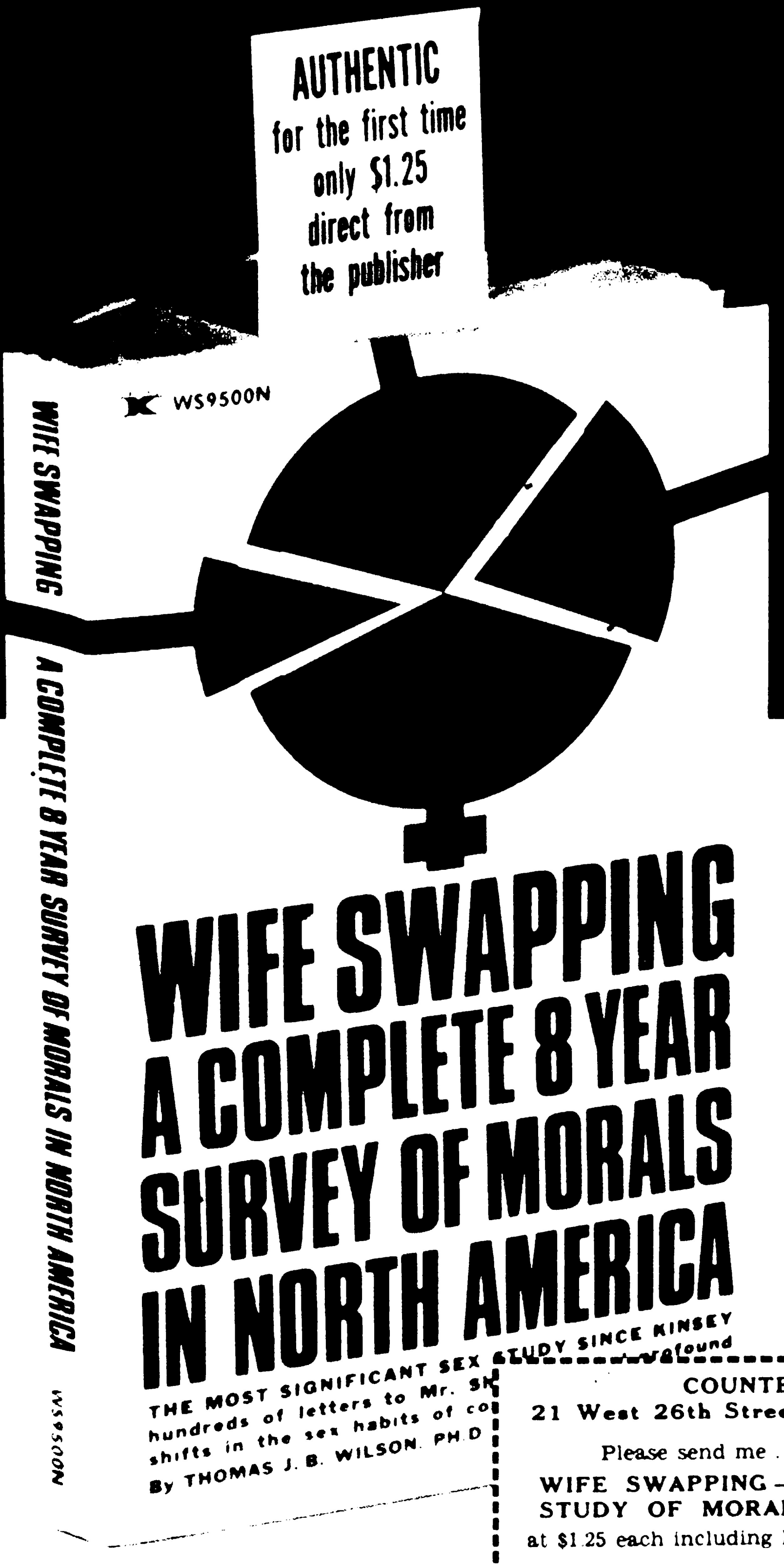
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MAN TO MAN THIS ISSUE

CAPRI

Mike Berry, distinguished traveler, author, illustrator, takes us this issue to Capri, world-famed playground of southern Europe. Mike is an "in" traveler, known everywhere and by everyone, which enables him to dig down and give us the very essence of the places he visits. Unlike the usual travel fare, which concentrates on methods of transportation, currency exchange and landmarks to see, Mr. Berry takes us to the people. He examines their attitudes, their feelings, their desires.

In the sunny isle of Capri we see the famed Blue Grotto and the lesser known inlets, we meet those whom you will meet when you travel there: hotel porters, cab drivers, restaurant waiters and boatmen. We learn of the lovely, carefree girls who live there and, the inevitable tourist.

Sunny days and breeze-cooled nights blend into each other on Capri, and come to life in Mike Berry's writing.

* * *

JACQUES MOSSLER

George T. Miller, author of The Strange Death of Jacques Mossler, has a formidable list of credits to his name. A graduate from the University of Arkansas, George has worked as a newspaperman in Europe as well as the U.S. He's been a staffer for the New York Times and the New York Daily News, several California newspapers, the Associated Press, the United Press, and owes his extensive education to "the U.S. Navy in World War II and the public libraries of several cities around the world."

The author of several books, Mr. Miller is presently engaged in public relations. George is married and makes his home in New York's Beekman area.

His newspaper background and contacts resulted in the intriguing story which appears on page 20.

* * *

"CENSORIAL POTPOURRI"

Cyrus W. Bell, international bon vivant, confrere of the social elite, and confidante to European aristocracy, makes his home in Rome. Beginning on page **26**, Mr. Bell introduces us to a film entitled, "Censorial Potpourri."

The film, a bootleg endeavor, is a comprehensive compilation of scenes from various other films cut out by the censors as unfit for viewing. Doubtlessly, the most revealingly pornographic in filmdom history, "Potpourri" is being shown to a select few in Rome. Perhaps its greatest appeal stems from the fact that well-known European and American stars are shown in the nude, and in the most compromising situations. The chaff that fell from the censors scissors has been raked up and has the most blase Europeans taking notice.

* * *

MAIL TO MAN

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to answer the letter you ran in the July issue of Sex And The American Girl (page 7).

In the first place, your respondent, to the question concerning whether a girl should be a virgin when she marries, says, "Girls can do many things without destroying the hymen that are worse than a simple act of intercourse." It appears as though she advocates these "other things" a girl can do. Pre-marital sex is against the law and is an indication of moral irresponsibility. To recognize this and thus refrain from it while participating in those "other things" she mentions, is likewise immoral.

She further states she lost her virginity at the age of 13, by consenting to the advances of an uncle with whom she had petted for months!

If this is the moral attitude of some of our young people, then something must be done about it. And soon.

A wife and mother of 26, I am not too removed from the sexual tensions that plague the young, but one must develop some restraints.

In my opinion, this girl (and any others like her) is seriously in need of psychiatric attention.

(Mrs.) V.P., Miami, Fla.

◆

Dear Sir:

The girl who wrote the letter in the July Sex Survey had a trait that is commendable; she was honest, and although her opinions may seem somewhat "way out" to some of us, she at least appears to remain true to her set of rules. She admits to having homosexual affairs; she lost her virginity to an uncle at 13; and she feels that, indiscretion on the part of a husband that does not demean the wife or children, is not necessarily grounds for divorce. On the other hand, she believes a mother does an injustice to her children by attempting a career along with her marriage.

No matter what—and I, for one, deplore some of her ideas—I still can maintain a certain respect for one who attempts to be both fair and honest.

G.H., Omaha, Neb.

◆

Dear Sir:

In your September sex survey one girl described her first love affair which, according to her, was a brutal one. She says she's not interested in boys now and never will be again. I wonder if your readers know how many young girls have had similar experiences.

I was in love at 17, and the boy I planned to marry forced me to make love. He was clumsy and cruel. I too, had to see a doctor and broke off our engagement. How can I possibly trust another man? Each man I've met since then (and that was eight years ago) brings back the memory of that assault.

I now live with a nursing student (I'm a nurse) and we have a relationship that is built on respect and tenderness. I'm content, but sometimes I wonder how it might have been if he'd been more considerate.

Please continue your survey. I'm sure it is a real service for those who are in need of information and understanding.

R.B., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Mr. Berry has done it again! His articles on various countries excell all others of their kind. When will we have more of them?

P.H., Linden, New Jersey

Dear P.H.:

Quickly turn to page 46 for another interesting travel piece by Mike Berry. This time he takes us to the Isle of Capri.

◆

Dear Sir:

Blonde Cindy Clifton (Sept. page 14) is my idea of a beautiful girl. I'd like to see more photos of her. "Blackout" be Peter Carr was an exceptionally fine piece of fiction and the remainder of the September issue was fine.

D.d'A., Omaha, Nebr.

◆

Dear Sir:

I would like to take this opportunity to formally thank the editors of Man To Man for doing an article on me in their Face Of Jazz series in the July issue.

In May, I went to Vienna, Austria for a world-wide competition for musicians, and won 1st prize. A few weeks ago, Cal Lampley of Prestige Records gave me a record contract.

I'd like the publisher of Man To Man, and his editors to know, that this article helped me in no small measure.

Gentlemen, thank you.

Eddie Daniels, Brooklyn, N.Y.

AN EXCLUSIVE MAN X MAN SURVEY

The modern sexual revolution in America is said to have started when Dr. Alfred Kinsey published his definitive work, **Sexual Behavior in the Human Male.** People at that time were amazed to discover that the facts of actual sexual conduct far transcended those sanctioned by law and theology.

Since then there have been many other researches made. The latest, and most thorough, is that of Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson. In the preface of their book, **Human Sexual Response,** they say: "There is no man and woman who does not face in his or her lifetime the concerns of sexual tensions. Can that one facet of our lives, affecting more people in more ways than any other physiologic response other than those necessary to our very existence, be allowed to continue without benefit of objective, scientific analysis?"

They go on to say: "The door of investigative objectivity must not be closed!"

In this spirit, Man To Man has been conducting its own sex survey for the past year. We departed on this course due to the thanks given our companion magazine, Mr., for turning its files of letters on wife-swapping over to the Institute for Sex Research, the institute founded by the late Dr. Kinsey.

The present director of that institute wrote the editor of Mr. magazine: "The Institute for Sex Research appreciates the generosity of the Volitant Publishing Corporation in making available, for scientific purposes, material of definite research value."

Man To Man is receiving hundreds of letters in answer to our survey questionnaire on Sex and the American Girl. These letters and questionnaires are being turned over to one of the research institutes to further their scientific study. As in the case of Mr. magazine, we are giving this survey no promotion.

Research experts, however, tell us that magazine and newspaper polls are an effective an inexpensive method of sampling while the personal interview method is costly and time consuming therefore, they welcome us turning our files over to them for evaluation. Of course, our survey has its many limitations and is far from definitive, but it does indicate trends in our ever-changing mores and much else.

Like all researchers, we try to be objective and factual in our reporting and try not to editorialize. The opinions expressed in some of the letters and surveys we publish are those of our readers, and not necessarily ours.

The timid reader may sometimes be upset, but anyone seeking off-color thrills will be equally disappointed.

THE 'PILL' AND U.S. MORALITY

• "The Pill" probably the most effective female contraceptive of our day, is making its impact felt in today's society. Available throughout the depressed areas of the nation through the poverty program, the pill is already altering the statistics of illegitimate births, and reducing some of the tensions in marital situations where pregnancy may create certain hardships.

Letters from our readers tell of campus organizations providing access to the contraceptive for the female student body.

Within major cities throughout the U.S., private organizations dispense the pill to parents for a nominal fee, and provide literature on planned parenthood. Several single female respondents, unable to get the pill through normal channels, are being furnished with this protection by their mothers.

One college girl writes: "If the girl practices contraception with reasonable care it is perfectly safe and natural for steady dates to have intercourse. Not only will the boy and girl learn about each other's capabilities as possible marriage partners, but will also gain the invaluable knowledge which comes only with experience they will need in married life even if they have no intention of marrying each other."

The Planned Parenthood Federation of America, Inc., with executive offices in New York and offices in several major cities, has a program that includes dispensing the pill to wives who have a need for it.

Lawrence Lipton, in his book, "The Erotic Revolution" says:

"The notion is gaining ground among the young unmarrieds, on the campus as elsewhere, that unmarried sex is not at all identical with "premarital" sex; that sex is its own justification, without so much as a thought to marriage or any expectation of marriage."

The pill, one of the more sophisticated contraceptives, is not so easily obtained in many places for the unmarrieds a situation which has created a "contraceptive black market" on more than one

campus. The Texas Student League for Responsible Sexual Freedom contends that limiting birth control pills to married women is "ridiculous"; the "University of California Sexual Freedom Forum" distributes pamphlets on birth control; and a Stanford group instituted a drive for a referendum on whether the health service should be "authorized to prescribe contraceptives to any student desiring them." In answer, the Stanford Health Center Director, Maurice Osborne, pointed out that widespread distribution of contraceptives "might re-inforce existing pressures that already urge premarital intercourse."

So, the issue rages, pro and con, but in the interim the oral contraceptive is being used in increasing numbers. What will be its affect on our morality? Will its use create an orgy of national dimensions amongst our youth? Or will it provide a release from the dangers of un-wed pregnancies and unwanted children?

In the opinion of some of our female readers, the contraceptive pill has relieved tensions and certain inhibitions. One girl wrote that she gave into sexual relations as "a matter of conformity."

She goes on to say, "My best friend told me she was sleeping with her boyfriend regularly. She said she had had the same problems I, in the beginning. She told me she felt conspicuous when she was a virgin and, unless you happen to become pregnant, it doesn't [illegible]

[illegible] around with this boy for two [illegible] before anything happened. When it did, I wasn't too afraid. My friend had given me some oral pills to take, so I was safe. Afterwards, I felt better because I could act like the other girls."

This is one of the many letters we received concerning the pill, and may indicate that the oral contraceptive is affecting our morality.

One student put it this way in her letter to us: "The pill can create permissiveness, and this can lead to promiscuity."

Reader response to our survey on the American Girl has produced some interesting differences of opinion. Because of this, we are including in this article two letters that take issue with some of those we published previously. However, we wish to make it clear that these are the opinions of our readers, and do not represent the editorial opinion of this magazine.

The first letter, written by a girl brought up on a farm, is prefaced by her answers to our questionnaire

Age: 25

1. **Do you intend to practice contraception?**

Certainly.

2. **Do you think that abortion in hospitals under proper care should be made readily available to all?**

Ideally for rape victims, single girls, with safeguards to prevent abuse.

3. **Do you believe a girl should be a virgin when she marries?**

Depends entirely on the girl and boy. There shouldn't be any "should" though.

4. **At what age did you lose your virginity?**

14.

5. **Do you believe that male homosexuality is a problem in America today?**

No. Most of it is just playing around, not a substitute for boy-girl sex.

6. **Do you believe in having intercourse with steady dates before marriage?**

I've been doing it for 10 plus years, so I must "believe" in it. It would be more correct to say I enjoy having it.

7. **If so, what amount of responsibility do you hold your partner accountable for?**

To provide privacy, consideration, tenderness. And to bring me to orgasm whenever he can.

8. **Do you believe that a woman should have a career along with her marriage?**

Not important either way. A career shouldn't interfere with sex nor compete with marriage.

9. **When married, how big a family do you expect to have?**

2 or 3.

10. **Is physical unfaithfulness of man, when it does not complicate home life, desirable, necessary, possible, condemnable or grounds for divorce?**

I would expect it happens sometimes. An all-out cheating affair would be grounds for divorce.

11. **If your husband cheats would you want him to conceal it from you?**

Absolutely not.

12. **Have you ever had arousal experiences to orgasm with another girl?**

A little kid stuff. Nothing important.

13. **If so, how often?**

Maybe 20 times, mostly at a series of motel sex parties a few years back.

14. **Do you think male homosexuals should be punished?**

No. If they're young, they should be locked up with a sexy girl until they learn better.

15. **Are you aroused by the sight of a man's body?**

This takes a long answer. See letter.

16. Do you think it preferable to deflorate infant girls at birth through medical means?
Sounds terrible to me. I enjoyed my own "defloration" at age 14.
17. Is masturbation a sexual outlet for you?
Not really an outlet. An occasional tension-reducer. Mostly I do it before or during dates with a few boys who come too quick, so I can be "readier."
18. If so, how frequently?
Not more than 2 or 3 times a week.
19. Do you experience orgasm during intercourse and how frequently?
Every time I possibly can—probably 95% at least once. With the right guy I can go-go-go 2 to 4 or 5 times to his one.
20. To what proportion of a successful marriage do you attribute a happy sex life?
100%. I couldn't marry a guy who didn't give me the most and best sex we could manage.

Her letter follows:

"My interest in manly genitals dates back to my girlhood. I was the only girl in a family of six, three boys older and two younger than I. We grew up in a small farmhouse in one of the prairie provinces of Canada. My father is a Scot, 15 years older than my mother, who is Swedish. She was twenty when they married and they had us six kids, bang-bang-bang in 8 1/2 years, so we are all close to the same age. My parents slept in the buff, even in winter, and also were uncommonly nude during the day quite often in the summer. And while I remember my father's red pubic hair and thick penis from as far back as I can remember anything, this nakedness was so (Continued on page 55)

—CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE—

Age

1) Do you intend to practice contraception?______

2) Do you think that abortion in hospitals under proper care should be made available to all?______

3) Do you believe a girl should be a virgin when she marries?______

4) At what age did you lose your virginity?______

5) Do you believe that male homosexuality is a problem in America today?______

6) Do you believe in having intercourse with steady dates before marriage?______

7) If so, what amount of responsibility do you hold your partner accountable for?______

8) Do you believe that a woman should have a career along with her marriage?______

9) When married how big a family do you expect to have?______

10) Is physical unfaithfulness of man, when it does not complicate home life, desirable, necessary, possible, condemnable or grounds for divorce?______

11) If your husband cheats would you want him to conceal it from you?______

12) Have you ever had arousal experiences to orgasm with another girl?______

13) If so, how often?______

14) Do you think male homosexuals should be punished?______

15) Are you aroused by the sight of a man's body?______

16) Do you think it preferable to deflorate infant girls at birth through medical means?______

17) Is masturbation a sexual outlet for you?______

18) If so, how frequently?______

19) Do you experience orgasm during intercourse and how frequently?______

20) To what proportion of a successful marriage do you attribute a happy sex life?______

DANA

■ 18-year old Dana is an American by birth who presently attends school in England. Our girl, who wishes to shield her true name behind the pseudonym of Dana, became a figure model just months ago. Photographer Bill Crespinel met Dana in England and asked her to pose. Test shots proved Dana's pretty face and lithe figure were especially suited to modeling. She began working part-time while still keeping up with her classroom work. In introducing Dana to our readers, Man To Man is glad to help further her career.

I AM SLOW BUT SURE
AT'S MY WAY OF LOVIN'

BRIGITTE BARDOT

She drew some sweaty crowds on her first visit here, but, as she says, there's a bit of a pig in all of us ■ By Bob Heart

■About the only spectacular gesture made by Brigitte Bardot during her recent 11-day visit to the United States came at a press conference on her arrival at Kennedy International Airport.

More than 200 reporters, photographers, private cops and airport employes were at the session, and one of the silly questions which got asked was "What do you want to be, Miss Bardot?"

"Myself," the French sexpot replied in pretty good English.

"And what is that?" was the next silly.

"Look!" she cried, and with that she threw back her coat to reveal a raspberry knit dress, the top of which bulged far out under the pressure of the heralded Bardot breasts.

As per expectations, many of the events attendant on Brigitte's visit were hectic, as her own personal press corps and the drumbeaters for United Artists had intended they would be. She was here in behalf of "Viva Maria," a movie she had made with Jeanne Moreau, and a minimum of peace and quiet were on the agenda.

Following the mob scene at the airport, Brigitte hopped into a bubble-top limousine and tolled into Manhattan as part of a 10-car motorcade. There were fans to wave greeting along the route and there were a few thousand additional idolators waiting when she arrived at the staid Hotel Plaza.

Newsmen and the police noted a sharp difference between Brigitte's admirers and the fans who had besieged the Plaza a few months earlier to pay homage to the Beatles. There was little screaming and whistling this time and the stares were more intent. Although it was seasonably cold, it was what could be called a sweaty crowd, and it pressed forward grimly. It wanted to see and it wanted to touch, to feel. Few if any teenagers were present.

The scene was repeated two nights later at the Broadway opening of "Viva Maria." Eight police barricades were broken by the thousands who milled in front of the Astor Theatre and it took Brigitte 10 minutes to go the 125 feet from the curb where her limousine stopped to the

(Continued on next page)

BRIGITTE BARDOT

entrance of the theatre.

The squad of 30 cops assigned to keep order at the opening sent in a call for help, and 50 more patrolmen quickly arrived. Brigitte wasn't mauled but she was visibly frightened. Her hired chauffeur, Sol Garrick, was supposed to get out and open the door for his celebrated passenger, but he didn't. Said Sol later: "I stayed where I was at. I wouldn't get out of that car for love or money."

Guests at the premiere were treated to a generous exposure of the Bardot back and a bit of her famous derriere, her white evening gown being cut that low. For the El Morocco party which followed the opening, Brigitte changed gowns, and this time guests were granted a view of her other and equally distinghished side.

Brigitte, who arrived on a Thursday, remained in New York over the weekend. She held an unproductive press confab at the Plaza and then sneaked out of the hotel to visit Rockefeller Plaza, Greenwhich Village and a midtown steak place. Although taller and thinner than she photographs, she was recognized everyplace. She did some shopping and then, on Monday, took off for Hollywood and the premiere of her picture there.

She and her boy friend, Bob Zaguri, the 35 year-old French Moroccan businessman with whom she has lived openly for the last two years, had intended to be house guests of the Pierre Salingers while on the West Coast, but Los Angeles police advised them against this, saying better security could be maintained if the couple put up at a hotel.

Brigitte's stay in Hollywood was unmarked by the crowd scenes in New York, and she and her entourage returned East, made a brief excursion to Puerto Rico, and flew into New York on Christmas Eve to catch a plane home. Back in Paris, the actress looked tired. She said she had enjoyed America and that she intended to pay it another visit under less strenuous circumstances. She had been given $3,000 travel expenses by United Artists for making the trip.

Nothing Brigitte said or did here, including the "Look!" episode, were as revealing as the statements she made to New York Daily News correspondent Bernard Valery on the eve of her trip. Dressed in a sleeveless green sheath she received Valery in her Paris penthouse.

The correspondent noted that the sex kitten whom he had known for 10 years had grown into a stunning, mature woman. He compared her to a big, lithe cat, better shaped than ever before. She was tanned from the three months she had just spent at her home at Saint Tropez, and the reporter duly took note of the light, golden hair on her legs and thighs.

"Anything goes. I will talk about anything," Brigitte told him at the beginning of the interview. Valery mentioned the men in her life: her two husbands, Roger Vadim and Jacques Charrier; her past lovers, who were singer Sasha Distel, actor Sami Frey and singer-composer Gilbert Becaud, and finally her current lover, Zaguri. He asked if she and Zaguri would wed.

Brigitte replied: "I am against marriages. I've been married and divorced twice. That's enough for the time being. Perhaps one day I will decide to get married, but I don't really see why. To please society? Let me tell you something. I don't give a damn about society."

Valery commented in mock horror that she and Zaguri were living in sin. "Absolutely not!" she replied. "I do not live in sin. I live in purity. I am at peace with myself. Suppose a woman is married and she hates her husband but does not divorce him because of fear of what people would say. So she sneaks out to five or seven trysts with her lover. Society says this is safe and moral, but I say it is sin."

Brigitte went on: "I think it is much cleaner to separate from your husband and live openly with someone you love. Simone de Beauvoir has written a book about me, and she said something which I think is quite true. She said 'A free woman is just the contrary of an easy woman,' and I wish you would print that."

"I represent a certain type of freedom and that is what lots of people cannot forgive me for. That's where the legend of the scandalous Brigitte Bardot comes from. Because I lead my life exactly as I choose. I feel that one lives only once and it is ridiculous to ruin your life for fear of what people will say."

Reminded that she and Vadim started a revolution in picture making 11 years ago with their "And God Created Woman," Brigitte laughed. "Ha," she said, "you think they'll give me a medal perhaps," and she went on: "Nobody ever gave me a medal in France, although they say my pictures bring in more currency than our automobile export. Here they still think little Brigitte smells of brimstone, but, unless you're an awful hypocrite—and that's one thing I am not—you have to admit that sex, love, nudes and eroticism are important. Not as important as some people think, I think, but important. They've been with us a long time so they must be important.

"Let's face it, there is a sleeping pig within each human being. If you try to hide things pertaining to sex and love-making and if you impose puritanical and hypocritical taboos, things acquire unhealthy proportions, but if you take the onus off sex and nudity it all becomes healthy and normal."

"Do you think then," Brigitte was asked, "that you've served a good cause? That you made a contribution toward the liberation of mankind from hypocrisy and complexes?"

Her reply: "Don't be silly. I never felt like a crusader, but do you remember the scandal caused by "And God Created Woman"? Censorship, howls of protest. But since then many movies showing women in the nude or couples making love have been produced.

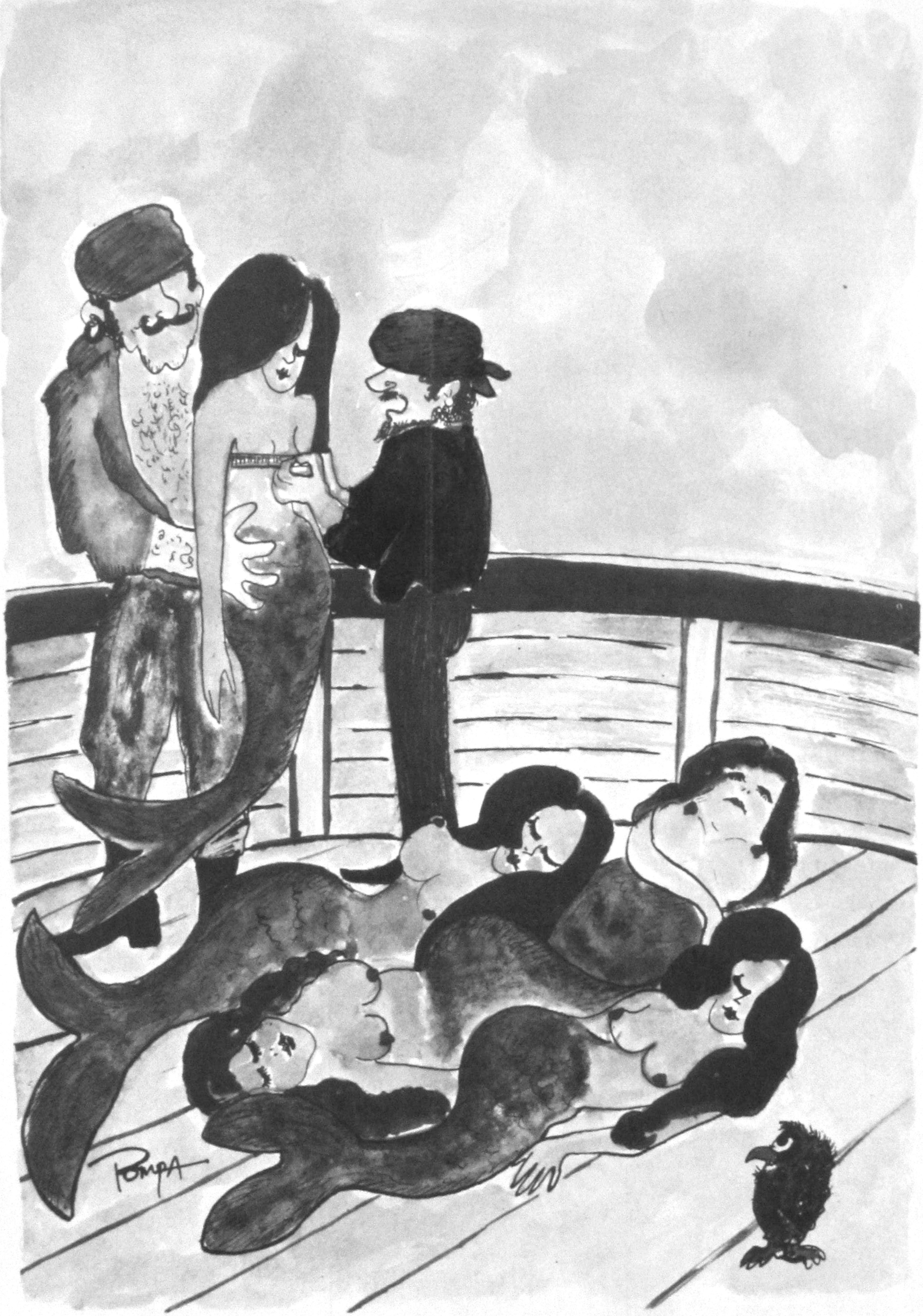
"At the beginning, some of these movies were outrageous. But gradually they became tasteful and adult. And the public grew up, too. The result is that today a dirty pornographic movie simply does not make money in France. It interests no one except some perverts, maybe. And you'll see, the same evolution will be true in the United States and in the end it will make for a better and healthier country."

Asked if this meant she would not be appearing nude again, Brigitte replied: "Of course not. For me nudity has never been indecent or unchaste. I have never been embarrassed to appear in the nude or play love scenes on the screen. Had I been embarrassed or ashamed, I would have frozen and been unable to act. Bring me a good script requiring scenes in the nude and I'll do it again."

"Are there any nude scenes in 'Viva Maria'?"

"No, they weren't called for. It's a good movie, though."

As it turned out, it was a good movie. It got four stars from the reviewers, and you can't beat that.



"Throw her back"

EMILIA, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

By Herbert Leslie Greene

A private detective's duty to his client includes honesty and loyalty, but there are exceptions

■ "My wife, oh my dear wife!" Claude Lank pounded his skull sorrowfully against the corner of my desk. "She puts out for everybody, the bitch."

I nodded with deep understanding and said, "That could present some difficulties, yes."

"But I love her!" he insisted. "Or I think I love her. I'm pretty sure I love her. I always want to hug her and everything. Is that love?"

I shrugged philosophically. "Love is all things to all people. I like to hit them a little bit myself, but who is to say you're wrong? But what exactly can I do for you, Mr. Lank?"

"You're a private detective, aren't you, Mr. McDonald?"

"Yes, I am. I'm quite a good private detective. You see, I have a very sensitive nose . . . "

He clawed at my desk. "My wife, the bitch, is mixed up with a rather large and dirty fellow named Eggs Grover. She has been . . . associated with him for quite a lengthy period now, even longer than usual and I firmly believe that such an allience is . . . well . . . at the least, unsanitary. I would appreciate it if you could . . . end the association. Bring her back to me. They spend all their time in a foul gin-mill on the waterfront. The Latin Nickel."

"The Latin Nickel?"

"Yes, the Latin Nickel. My wife on the waterfront. You can imagine the shame of it."

I smiled confidently at the poor wretch. "Mr. Lank, I will do all in my power to return your wife to you. I'm quite a good private detective . . . "

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. McDonald. I'm so grateful." He arose and stumbled pathetically toward the door. Before he left he paused and said, through his tears, "One more thing, if you don't mind. I hope you'll understand that I mean nothing personal when I say that if you lay your filthy paws on her I'll rip your guts out."

I nodded thoughtfully and replied, "The Latin Nickel?"

I ambled down to the Latin Nickel. It crouched sinisterly across from the black clumps of waterfront warehouses. I could hear the long and plaintive poop of a distant foghorn. A few casual bums lay about the gutters. It was a very atmospheric block. I entered the dismal tavern and was at once accosted by a lurching individual who asked, "Say buddy, ya got ten bucks fer a fix? If ya don't give it to me I'll stick ya wit' an ice-pick."

"Where can I find Eggs Grover?" I inquired of him.

He blinked foggy eyes at me and murmured, "You lookin' fer Eggs Grover' Maybe ya wanta buy my ice-pick?"

A group of men were huddled over a pool table (**Continued on page 54**)

THE STRANGE DEATH OF JACQUES MOSSLER

The acquittal of Candy Mossler and her nephew Melvin Lane Powers of the charge of murder in the death of Jacques Mossler still leaves the crime unsolved.

By GEORGE T. MILLER

Governor's Lodge is a 32 unit pastel colored stuccoed apartment building located at 300 Sunrise Drive on Key Biscayne, Florida. It is a moderately priced building, two and a half rooms renting for about $175 a month.

Apartment 2C, one of the typical units was occupied by Candace and Jacques Mossler, and two of their ten children, 13-year-old Donny and 11-year-old Eddie. Apartment 2C was a little different from the others at the Governor's Lodge. Multimillionaire Jacques had spent $6000 in decorating it to his tastes.

On the night of June 29, 1964, two other children were at the Mossler apartment and stayed with Candy until about midnight. They were 20-year-old Rita and her 14-year-old sister Martha, who were living in the nearby Key Biscayne Hotel. Until about midnight the two girls helped their mother to pay bills. Then, taking her four children, Candy drove ten miles to Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami. Candace Mossler was in the throes of a migraine headache and was in desperate need of medication.

They left 69-year-old Jacques sitting in his study.

That night was a typical one on the Key. Warm winds shook the palms, and air conditioning units were pumping out cool breezes.

What happened in the Mossler apartment shortly after Candy and the children left is still a matter of conjecture. A lot of it, though, has been put on the record.

One thing is for sure—a neighbor of the Mossler's, Mr. Herbert House was being disturbed by the barking of the Mossler dog "Rocky," a ninety pound boxer.

He had complained about "Rocky" before. The House balcony was on the same side of the building as the Mossler unit. The dog was barking loudly—excitedly. He heard sliding doors open in the Mossler apartment, and yelled down: "Are you going to take the dog in?" He said a gruff voice—that of a man—answered: 'Yeah'. Then the doors closed.

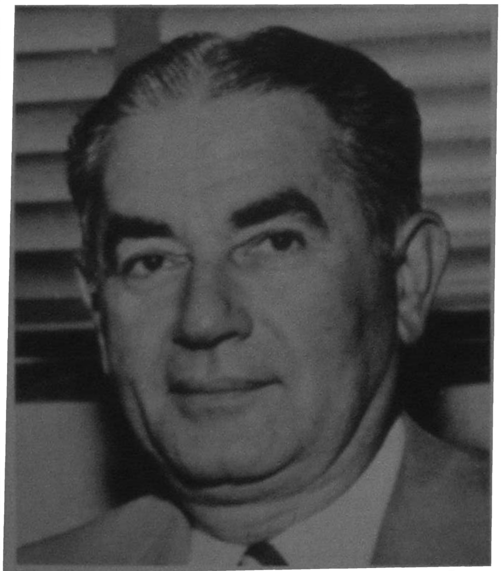
It was shortly after this that the screams came, loud and piercing, shattering the peaceful night. There were three anguished cries in short order, then silence.

House later stated that he was very tired that evening. He had been awakened by the dog. Still half asleep, he dozed off.

Then there was another neighbor of the Mossler's, a Mrs. Fletcher. Having run out of cigarettes at about one a.m., she decided to try and find a drug store open. As she reached the driveway, she said the Mossler convertible was blocking the exit. Rita was behind the wheel, and the children were in the back. Rita obligingly moved the car out of the way. Mrs. Fletcher said she hadn't seen Candy. When she returned home a few minutes later, the convertible was gone. She went upstairs and went to bed. About five minutes after she retired, she heard a scuffle in the Mossler apartment. She heard a man cry out "don't do that to me!" Then she heard a thud, and heard the Mossler boxer, "Rocky" barking excitedly. She next heard heavy footsteps running down the corridor—without a doubt those of a man.

There was another neighbor disturbed that night. She was Mrs. Irene Durr. Mrs. Durr testified she was awakened by a scream. She switched on the light, noticed her clock registered 1:30 a.m. She knew her clock

(Continued on next page)



Handsome 69 year old Jacques Mossler was the owner of banks in the Miami and middle west areas before he was found stabbed to death by repeated blows in his luxurious Miami apartment. His wife Candace (Candy) and her nephew Mel Powers were acquitted. The crime is unsolved.

Surrounded by her children, attorneys and relatives Candy Mossler, sitting next to Mel speaks to reporters during a press conference at their hotel after a jury had found both her and Powers not guilty. The jury deliberated for three days then exonerated the pair in the gruesome slaying of Candy's husband.

Two days after she had become violently ill during the trial Candy holds her grandson

was 12 minutes slow. The time, then was approximately 1:42 in the morning Mrs. Dorr also noticed the frantic barking of the boxer She slipped out of bed, put on a robe and went to the door. She could see down the hall and out into the parking lot. She saw a figure—she couldn't tell if it were a man or a woman—and she saw a car It was a white Chevrolet. The person who went out of the hallway and down the steps climbed into the Chevrolet and drove away. Another person, a Miami radio station executive who lived in the apartment house, also saw the car—and the person in it. "It was a man, a man with long hair wearing a sport shirt." He did NOT however, get a look at the man's face.

Upstairs, the dog was still barking. The radio station executive, Mrs. Dorr, and now Mrs. Fletcher—all wide awake and curious—went to the door of the Mossler apartment. Mrs. Fletcher, who knew the dog, spoke through the door. She ordered the dog to stop barking. Amazingly, the boxer obeyed the command.

All was silent. The three, satisfied, went back to their respective apartments and to bed.

They stayed that way until around 4:30 in the morning. Candy and the children had returned from the hospital.

Rita entering her daddy's study, saw a gruesome sight. There was someone lying on the floor in a pool of blood. She screamed at her mother to take the children out.

There, wrapped in a bloody orange blanket, wearing only a night shirt, was all that remained of Jacques Mossler. He had been beaten over the head, and his body was punctured by 39 stab wounds. Nearby lay a shattered glass swan. It was covered with blood.

The Miami police were about to begin an investigation into the murder of one of the wealthiest men in the nation—certainly the wealthiest ever to die by violence in Dade County.

Jacques Mossler, who gasped his life's breath away in a pool of blood that night, brutally murdered by a mysterious assailant, was a man whose story reads like that of Horatio Alger. He began life in a squalid Jewish ghetto in Galatz, Romania, the third child of an impoverished hard working tinsmith and his attractive wife. His name at birth was Jakella Moscovits. In later years he changed it to Jacques Mossler. When the young Jacques was six years old Mama and Papa Moscovitz decided to move their little family consisting of son Marku, daughter Fay and little Jakella to America.

The police have not come up with a clue to the real identity of the killer of wealthy financier Jacques Mossler although the trial produced new evidence.

They came first to Buffalo, New York where the elder Moscovitz found that there was no work available for a tinsmith, not even a good one. He moved his loved ones to New York City where they lived in a $6.00 a month cold water flat on East 4th Street between 1st and 2nd Avenues.

For a time it was Marku's $5.00 a week salary as an office boy which supported the entire family. These were the days when city relief to help the poor and needy was unknown. Frugally "mama" skimped and improvised to keep her little brood going.

It was son Marku who seemed to be slated for success. He worked hard after school and in school and he aimed to get a college education choosing engineering as his profession. He matriculated at Cooper Union and is now an engineer in Tel Aviv.

This was not the case however with little Jakella. He was not much of a student. Jakella, from the very start was more of a salesman and trader than anything else. Having known the deep despair of poverty he set out to make the acquiring of money the chief objective of his life. When the family moved to Chicago in 1910, Jakella sold candy and newspapers on the city's commuter trains. The 14-year-old self employed merchant did well from the start and was soon joined in the business by Marku who temporarily left school to get cash.

Three years as a candy butcher was enough for Jakella, however. He moved on to more profitable things, namely that of trading in used cars. At first he worked for a dealer on a commission basis. Then at age 17 Jakella Moscovitz changed his name to Jacques Mossler, moved to New Orleans, and set himself up in the used car business. At first the cars he sold were owned by other dealers. But with Marku working with him, capital was soon available to invest for himself.

Business was really booming at the outset of World War I when Jacques was drafted. He promptly married his Catholic girl friend Evelyn, settled 20% of the business on Marku and 20% on one of his best salesmen. Retaining 60% of the firm for himself and without a worry in the world Mossler set out to serve his adopted country.

After the Armistice was signed he returned from overseas to find himself the possessor of a moderate bankroll from the proceeds of his 60% share in the used car lot.

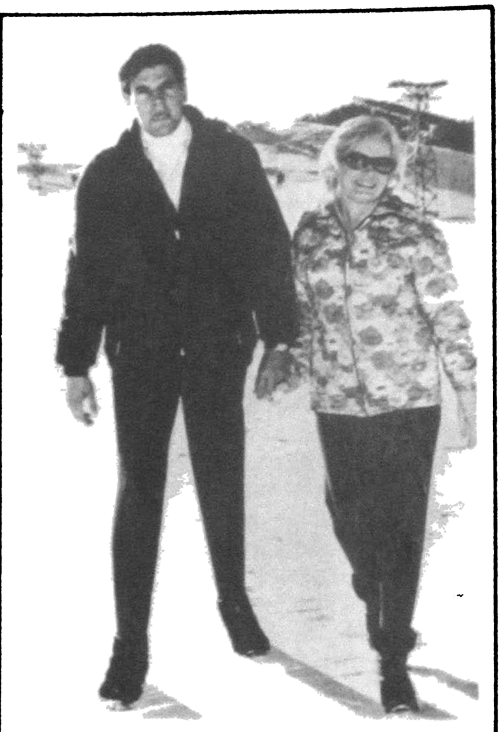
Jacques now a more mature handsome man looked around for greener business pastures to conquer. He decided that the profit in financing used cars was as great as that of selling them and far less risky. With all of his capital he started a time payment company and it was immediately successful. His next step nine years later was an enormous one. He went into commercial banking. Again he hit the jackpot. Jacques Mossler was on his way. But success did not spell happiness for him. His wife Evelyn, by whom he had had four daughters divorced him. And the blow some said, crushed his ego.

Jacques left New Orleans and went to Texas. In 1930 at the height of the depression he moved his entire business to Houston and established the Mossler Aceeptance Corporation. This company was to become one of the most influential auto banking firms in all of Texas. Mossler used his profits to buy into allied businesses, namely the Standard Casualty and Ranchers Life Insurance Companies.

As the years progressed so did the boy from the Galatz ghetto. Having conquered Texas he looked for new fields and was attracted to Florida, where he bought the controlling interest in Allen-Parker Company, a firm engaged in the financing of automobiles and small business loans. An official of that company summed up Mossler's business philosophy in these words, "He believed in the 'Yes we can do it' method. And he believed in advertising too."

It was at about this time in 1947 that a young divorcee with two children by the name of Candace Wheatherby Johnson came to call on him to solicit a contribution for the New Orleans Opera Company. The meeting was a fateful one. One that was to have an everlasting influence on Jacques Mossler's life. For Candy had money and ambition. She was worth at the time $750,000 and had a driving urge for even more wealth.

To Jacques Mossler, Candy was the cultured beautiful woman for whom he had always been looking. She had a combination of beauty, intelligence and common sense. What is more she had been through the mill of life. For a year they saw each other daily, then in 1948 they were married in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. At the time Jacques Mossler was worth a million dollars. Their business partnership was to flower and bloom.



This 1963 photo found and confiscated by the police, shows Candy and her nephew Melvin vacationing at Sun Valley standing on a ski slope.

Within five years after he married Candy, Mossler's financial empire was a golden river—flowing straight into his own bank vaults. He showed Candy the world. The future was nothing but golden dawns filled with fresh sea breezes and carefree days.

The year was 1964 and the Mossler worth had passed the two-hundred-million mark. Jacques and Candy owned 47 banks and financial agencies. They jointly owned millions in real estate. Candy bought a building in downtown Denver with an estimated worth of $3,500,000.

But the year 1964 also had a shadow over the sun. It had been there for three years.

The shadow was a "cooling" of the heretofore torrid love affair between Candy and Jacques. Along with this "cooling" was the presence of a dark, handsome young man by the name of Melvin Lane Powers, the son of Candy's eldest sister.

In 1961, on a return from a business trip in California, Candy and Jacques had stopped off in Phoenix to visit her sister. Powers, 24 at the time, was there. He was invited to go to Houston by Candy and Jacques, and early in 1962, he was living at Willowick as a member of the family, and being "groomed" by Jacques to enter the Mossler empire as a top executive.

This, however, was not to be.

According to Candy, Jacques became ill in 1962, and underwent a "personality change". The two—although never was there to be a separation or open break—began spending more and more time apart. Jacques rented an apartment in Key Biscayne, and began to spend much of his time there. Meanwhile, he had an argument with Powers, and ordered the young man to move out of Willowick.

Powers left the Mossler interests and went into business for himself selling house trailers. He rented himself an apartment in Houston and he still saw a great deal of Candy.

Mossler was spending most of his time in Florida, with Candy and the children commuting between the two cities.

Powers had left Willowick on June 20th, 1963. He had done so, according to the district attorney's office in Houston, after being told to leave by officers acting on a complaint issued by Jacques.

Jacques left for Europe shortly after the blowup, and when he came back to the United States, he stayed in Florida. He never returned to Willowick.

However, in June of 1964, Candy and the four adopted children were living in Key Biscayne with Jacques. Rita, Candy's daughter by her first marriage, was a student at the University of Miami.

The "air" was troubled, but the family was together again the night Jacques Mossler was murdered.

That night the first officer to arrive on the murder scene was deputy sheriff James Jorgenson. He had received instructions to go to the Mossler apartment at 4:49 a.m. A short while later the Miami police were swarming through apartment 2C, 300 Sunset Drive. Jorgenson found that in his death agony Jacques Mossler had apparently tried to get out and away from his assailant through the sliding glass doors leading out into the small balcony. The expensive green drapes over the doors were ripped and the financier's battered head was bent at a grotesque angle, resting against the doors themselves. The shattered glass swan lay in a pool of his life's blood.

The corpse, clad only in an undershirt, bore 39 stab wounds. For some unknown reason the murderer had taken an orange blanket from the nearby bedroom and thrown it over the corpse. Could this last act been done to shield whoever found the body, from too great a shock when first viewing the gruesome sight? Or was it because the murderer himself could not bear the sight of his own handiwork?

It was a macabre touch.

The remainder of the living room was not disturbed and in good order. There was a coffee table beside the dead man with neatly piles magazines laying on its highly polished surface. On an adjoining table there were two highball glasses but they contained no liquor. One was half filled with water, the other with Coca Cola and contained three half smoked filter-tipped Lucky Strike cigarettes. From appearances it looked as if two people had been sitting talking, just prior to the murder.

The police conjecture was that Mossler knew his assailant who must have arrived shortly after Candace Mossler left for the hospital with her children. Otherwise he would not have sat down with the man to have a drink.

As the invetigation went on, a possible suspect emerged in the person of a 28-year-old interior decorator named Fred Roy Weisel. At 2:30 the night before, the police had received a phone call from Weisel's wife saying that her husband had just called and told her that he had been beaten up by three boys, and also his car had been stolen. On Virginia Key, a squad car found a badly shaken up and beaten Fred Weisel. He had a black eye and was blood-spattered from a cut on his arm. Shortly after the police arrived, Mrs. Weisel drove up in Weisel's car and she promptly drove her husband to Mercy Hospital.

After the discovery of Jacques Mossler's body, the police at first thought there could be a possible connection between the two cases. They went to the hospital and questioned Weisel and, according to police reports, they found that on entering the emergency ward Weisel had turned in a set of car keys and an envelope containing money. Later that day, Weisel's car was found parked in a lot at Miami's Bayfront Park. It was a yellow and white, 1959 Dodge.

They picked up Fred Roy Weisel for questioning. Later, a lawyer appeared before Judge Harold Spaet who issued a court order, commanding the police to leave Weisel alone and to desist from harrassing him. Eventually, the police investigation completely cleared Fred Weisel of any complicity in the death of Jacques Mossler.

And then the investigation began to center entirely around one man.

His name was Melvin Lane Powers, Candy's nephew.

The police, in checking on the alleged getaway car, found one that matched. A white Chevrolet hardtop parked in the lot at Miami airport. It was "on loan" from a downtown car dealer who worked for Mossler. It had been loaned to Candy several days before. (She had requested it be parked at the airport for transportation when she returned from Nassau).

Fingerprint experts went to work. They found more than 100 prints. Sixteen of these belonged to Melvin Lane Powers.

Now the tide of the investigation turned to Houston. The police found witnesses who could place Powers in Miami on the fatal night of the murder. The case was building. The investigation also turned to an alleged love affair between Candy and her handsome nephew. They uncovered the fact that Powers had been ousted from Willowick on orders of the slain man. It was then they picked up Melvin Lane Powers on a charge of first degree murder.

But the investigation was far from over. Candy, who had gone to Mayo Clinic in Rochester for treatment, was being thoroughly checked out by the Florida authorities. The investigation penetrated into the cell blocks of Texas and Arkansas prisons. Lead after lead came into the hands of the authorities.

They picked up Candace Wheatherby Johnson Mossler on the same charge—first degree murder.

The ordeal of Candy was about to go into high gear.

However, Candy was spared the horror of months in jail while awaiting trial. A judge granted a writ of habeas corpus, allowing both Candy and Mel to remain at liberty on $50,000 bail each.

The state of Florida was ready—it said—to prove beyond all possible doubt that Candy and Mel were both incestuous lovers and murderers. The state's charge would be that the two plotted in cold blood, first to have Mossler killed—and then went through with the crime with Mel doing the dirty work himself.

The trial began in Dade County, Florida, amid the hoopla of a newspaper circus. Inside the court, however, a no-nonsense Judge cracked down on such antics. This would be an orderly tribunal, one in the best tradition of the legal system.

It turned out to be just that.

However, no more lurid testimony has been introduced in an open court of law than that which was to follow. The defense opened up hinting that a love affair between aunt and nephew would be proved, but made it clear that such goings on would have nothing to do with the case—this was murder, the defense said, and not a "hugging and kissing match."

The prosecution placed Melvin Powers in Miami on the day of the murder with competent, expert testimony. It also set out to prove that Candy and Mel had conspired to kill Jacques—had in fact, tried to hire a gunman to do the job. For witnesses to prove this point, they opened the doors of prisons in Texas and Arkansas.

Two of these witnesses for the state—both serving prison sentences—unloaded what appeared to be bombshells on the stand. The first of these was a 35-year-old convict named Billy Frank Mulvey.

It is ironic to note that Billy Frank Mulvey's testimony was the outgrowth of Candy's kindness. Mulvey had served a term with Howard Stickney, the murderer whom Candy had fought so hard to save from the Texas electric chair. Mulvey obviously knew of this. In fact, he based his connection to Candy on the Stickney case. But there, fact ended and confusion began.

The State had found another "kill" witness. He was a man named Arthur A. Grimsley, doing time in the Arkansas state prison. Grimsley swore Melvin Powers—who had once worked for him selling magazines—had approached him in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and tried to hire him to kill what he called "an old mooch." He gave a specific date.

He was wrong—dead wrong.

The date he picked was the one time Mel Powers had an ironclad alibi. Powers had been in a Houston hospital on that date having an operation.

The operation was a circumcision.

The trial wore on. Candy, faced with death in the electric chair, humiliation before her children and the world, was having it rough. She collapsed twice in court. The nerves in her neck gave way. She wore a collar. But to her everlasting credit, she stood it all.

A jury of twelve men finally went out to deliberate her fate, and that of Mel. Once they came back to report they were hopelessly deadlocked. (Nine for acquittal, three for guilty).

The judge sent them back to try again.

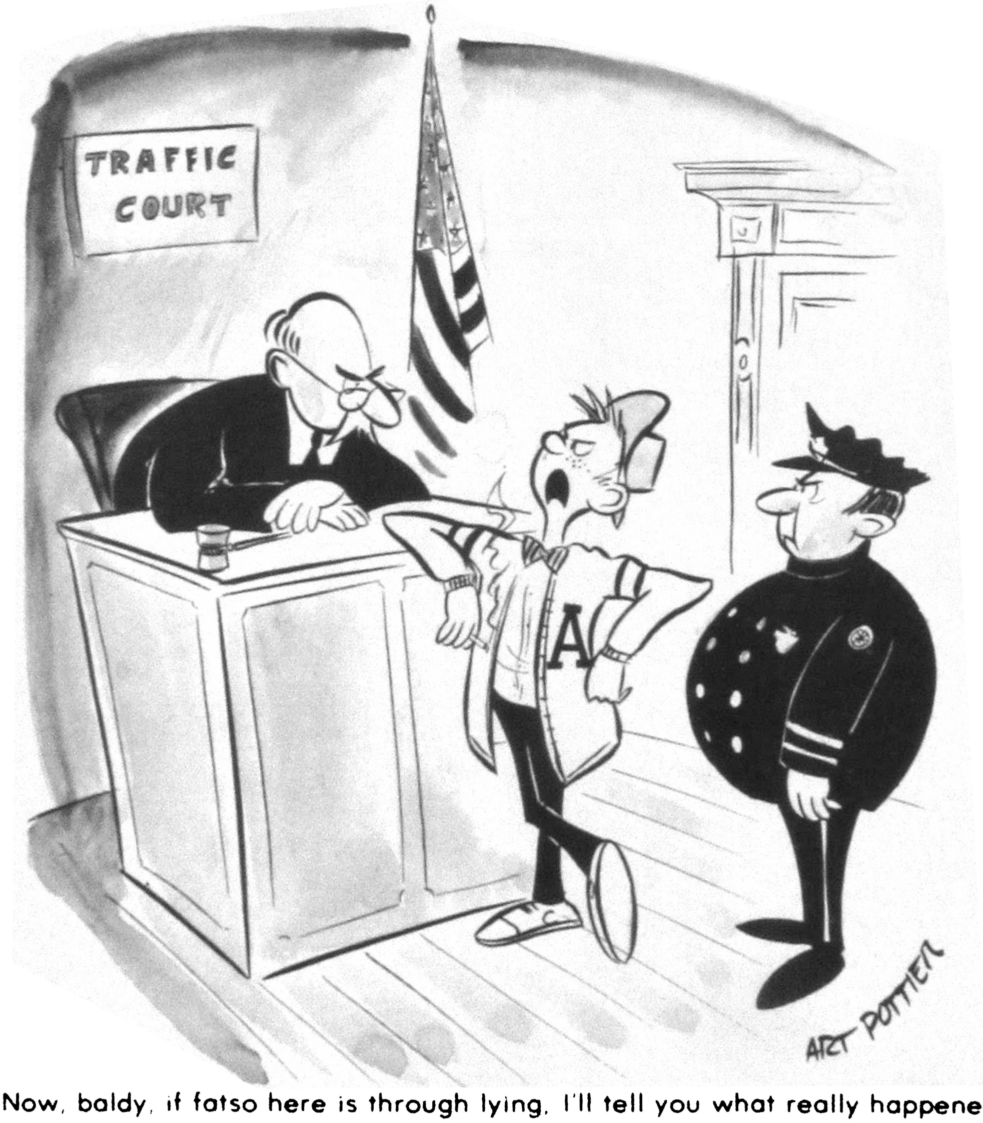
They did, and finally came in with a verdict—NOT GUILTY. Both Candy and Mel had been acquitted!

Candy burst into tears. She hugged everybody in the courtroom. She thanked each juror with all her heart. And she kissed Mel, full on the lips.

Then, she went home to her children.

It was a stunning end to a remarkable trial. It left Candy a free woman, a very rich woman indeed. But it left its scars.

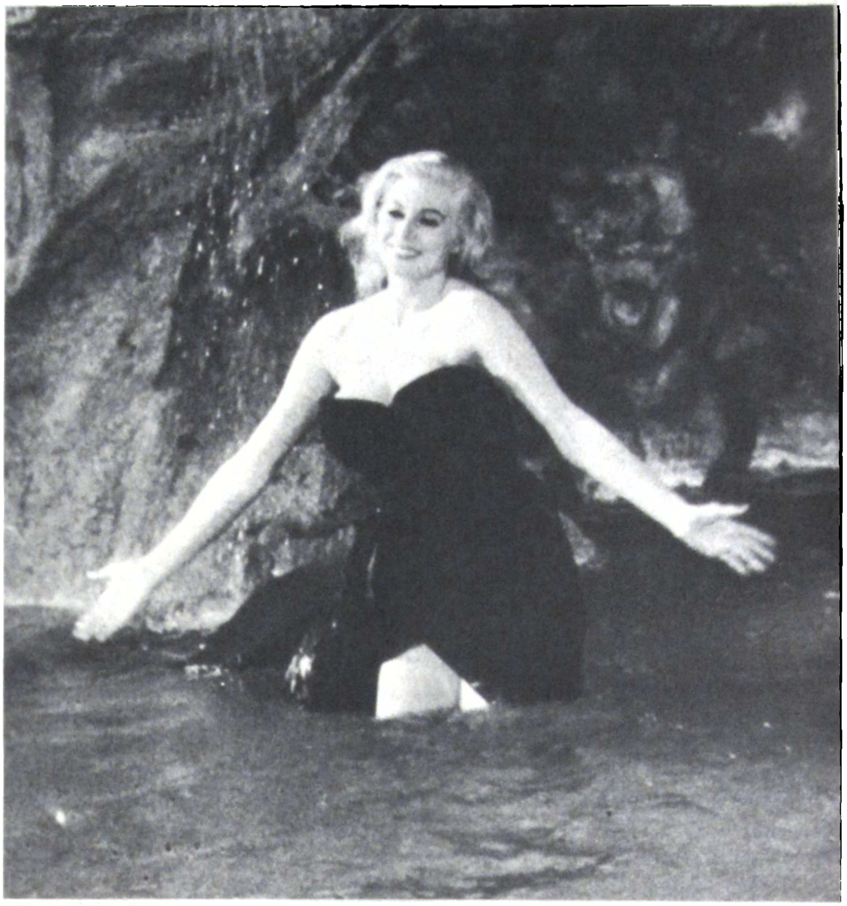
Nobody knows as yet who it was that sultry night in June who stabbed the life out of Jacques Mossler.



"Now, baldy, if fatso here is through lying, I'll tell you what really happened."

THE 'MOST' FILM

Undoubtedly the hottest in



Anita had bare bosoms in original scene cut from La Dolce

By Cyrus W. Bell ■ Rome, Italy—

Gerard Philippe is seated next to Jeanne Valerie who is lying prone on a bed, stretched out luxuriously **au natural**. Philippe picks up the telephone and makes a call. When he finishes his conversation, he calmly parks the phone apparatus on the 37 part of Jeanne's bared 36-22-37.

This scene from "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" (Dangerous Relations) so riled the DeGualle government that France barred the movie from being exported to any other nation. But after a few years of the ban, the French relented and let the film be shown in other countries, provided the phone scene were cut out.

The southern half of Jeanne Valerie's geographical lines which got the censor and the French authorities in a huff has not been lost to posterity, however. For that very scene, which was finally snipped out of "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," now pops up in another movie currently being shown in Italy on the q.t. The film is called "Censorial Potpourri"—and without any shadow of a doubt has to be classified as the hottest movie in the entire history of the cinema.

This is so for the simple reason that the producer, who calls himself Roger Roger (a nom de plume that's intended to be obvious), has managed to put together into 88 minutes, a number of sexy film sections that had to be clipped out of full-length movies for one reason or another, mostly having to do with Mr. Censor & Company Ltd.

But what makes "Censorial Potpourri" an even bigger attraction is that Roger Roger has been mighty choosy, to say the least. Not satisfied with any old scissored scene, he's gone to great lengths to get sequences in which some of the biggest names in the business show their stuff. So for the first time in history, for example, you can see the talents of Anita Ekberg and Sophia Loren in the same movie. Call it a double feature, if you want.

Sophia has the bigger part, however. It's the sequence she made when she was still a struggling newcomer at Rome's Cinecitta studios. The sweater-perfect Neapolitan needed the money so badly that for the European version of a film called, "Two Nights With Cleopatra," she agreed to cavort as a slave girl stripped to the waist. The camera made a frontal shot of Sophia's voluptuous personality. (Continued on page 57)

Sophia is shown as a bared bosom harem girl in 1st pix.

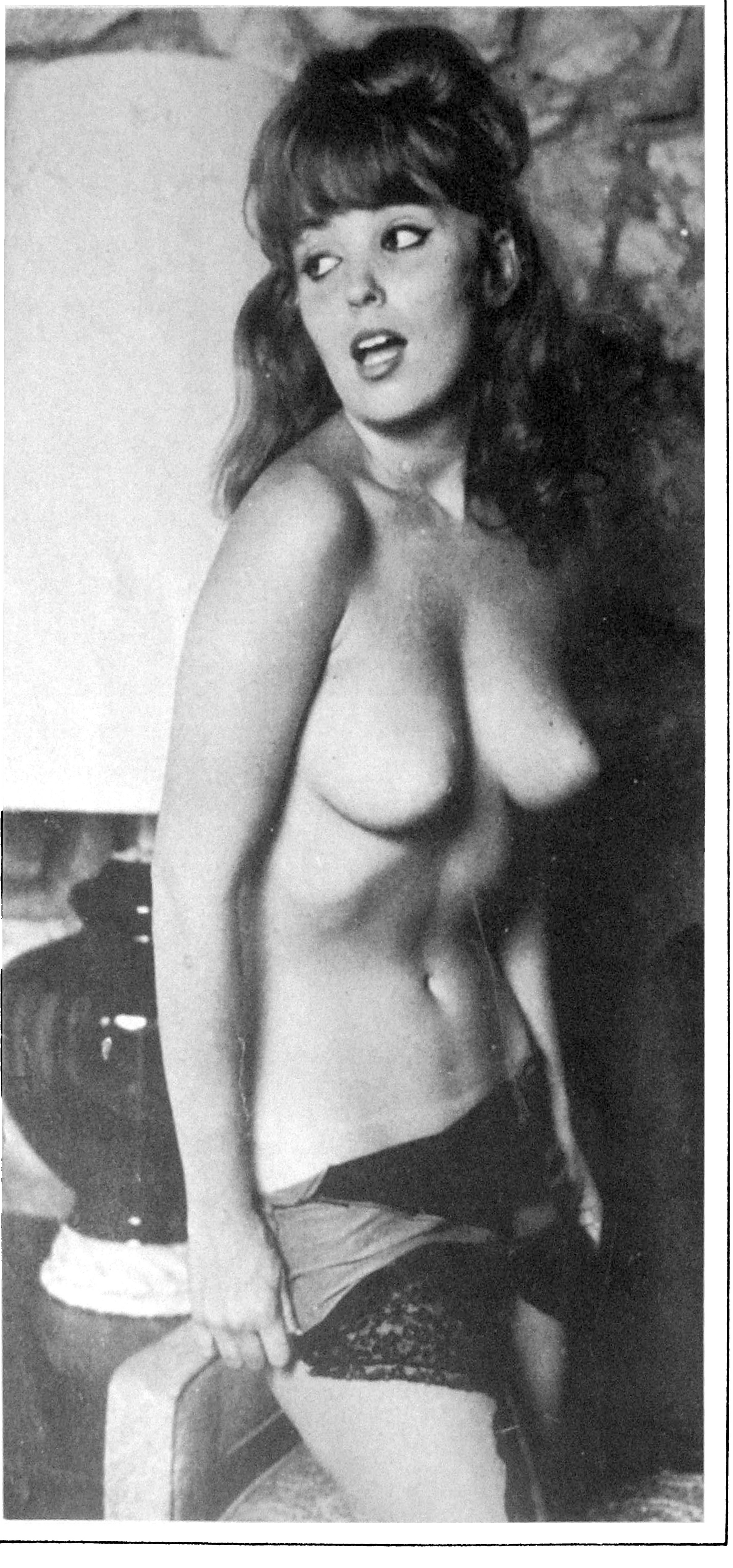
France barred the film Les Liaisons Dangereuses for showing this scene with Jeanne Valerie **au natural** and actor Gerard Philippe on top

the history of the cinema, Rome's bootleg film runs everything the censors cut

Angie Dickinson's nude swimming scene is a highlight of "Censorial Potpourri."

Hanna Rasmussen, a Miss Denmark and Rome call girl

MICKEY JINES



Mickey Jines has been a model for several years, (she was Sir's Gatefold Girl in 1964) and has appeared in many magazines. Starting at a very early age, the titian-topped Mickey quickly captured the eyes of California's top photographers. Her ability to assume graceful poses and her exceptional beauty brought rave responses from readers. Still in great demand, Mickey is finally coming into her own. She has made several guest TV appearances and is preparing herself for another career; that of dramatic actress. And why not? Hours spent before the cameras demand some acting ability. An avid traveler, Mickey enjoys commuting from California to New York for her television commitments.

MICKEY JINES

MICKEY JINES

The ambitious young redhead (36-23-36) is confident that her future holds great promise and proceeds on the premise that hard work, talent and a little luck can work wonders. Readers can feel sure that much more will be heard from Mickey Jines. In 1964, the mail was overwhelmingly in one direction—to see more of Mickey. Today, with beauty at a premium, Mickey Jines commands as much attention, if not more. One thing other than beauty is necessary for womanly allure, according to Mickey, and that is a "natural air of mystery." "All great actresses have this quality, she tells us, and we believe her, for isn't it apparent that Miss Jines, too, is bewitching.

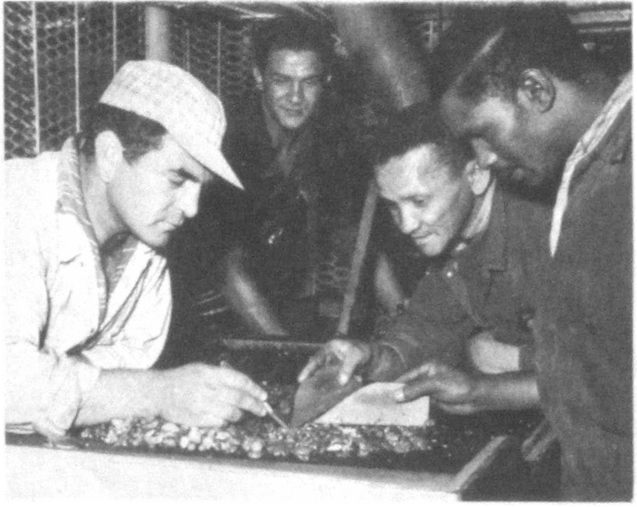
..INTERNATIONAL HOT LINE........

IN LUDERITZ BAY THEY ARE GETTING DIAMONDS FROM THE SEA

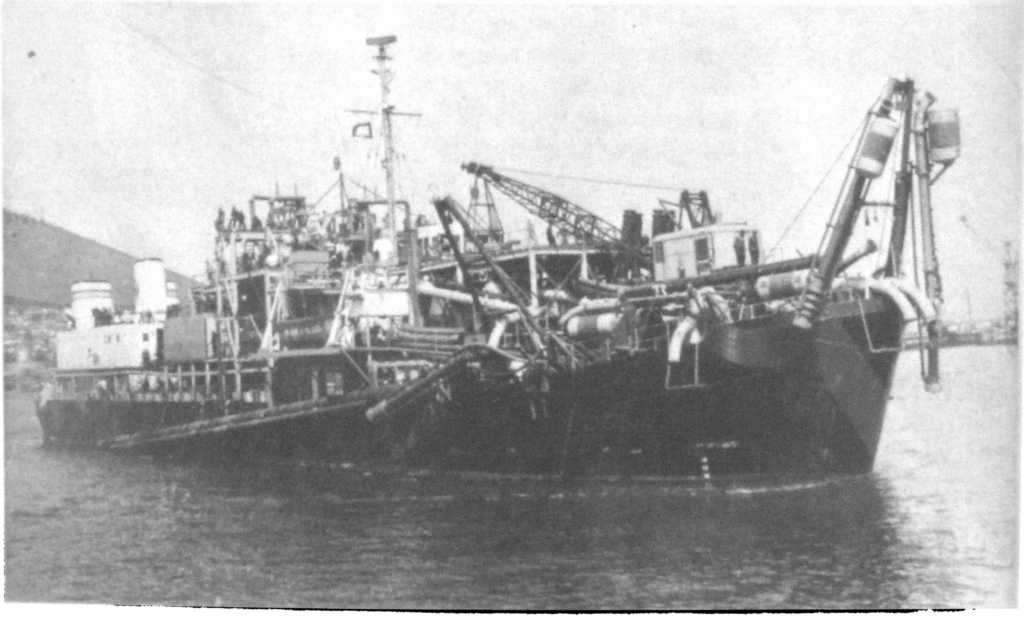
■ Just before dawn, I boarded the "Marina," a sleek ex-Norwegian ferry boat, and moments later, Captain Foulis, cocking an expert eye at the wind-ruffled waters of Luderitz Bay, nosed his ship into the heavy swells down the bleak Skeleton Coast of South West Africa toward the floating diamond rig.

A capricious wind, howling as mournfully as a chorus of ghost-like banshees, tore through the rigging, knocking us about as though we were but human ten-pins. The early morning sun had turned the heavy sea into a myriad of sparkling diamonds—perhaps a portent of things to come—for I was on my way to visit one of the phenomena of the twentieth century—a floating diamond mine, a dream conceived and put into operation by the brilliant mind of Sammy Collins, a fifty-year-old Texan, who, just a few years before, had been as poor as any sharecropper in the Lone Star State.

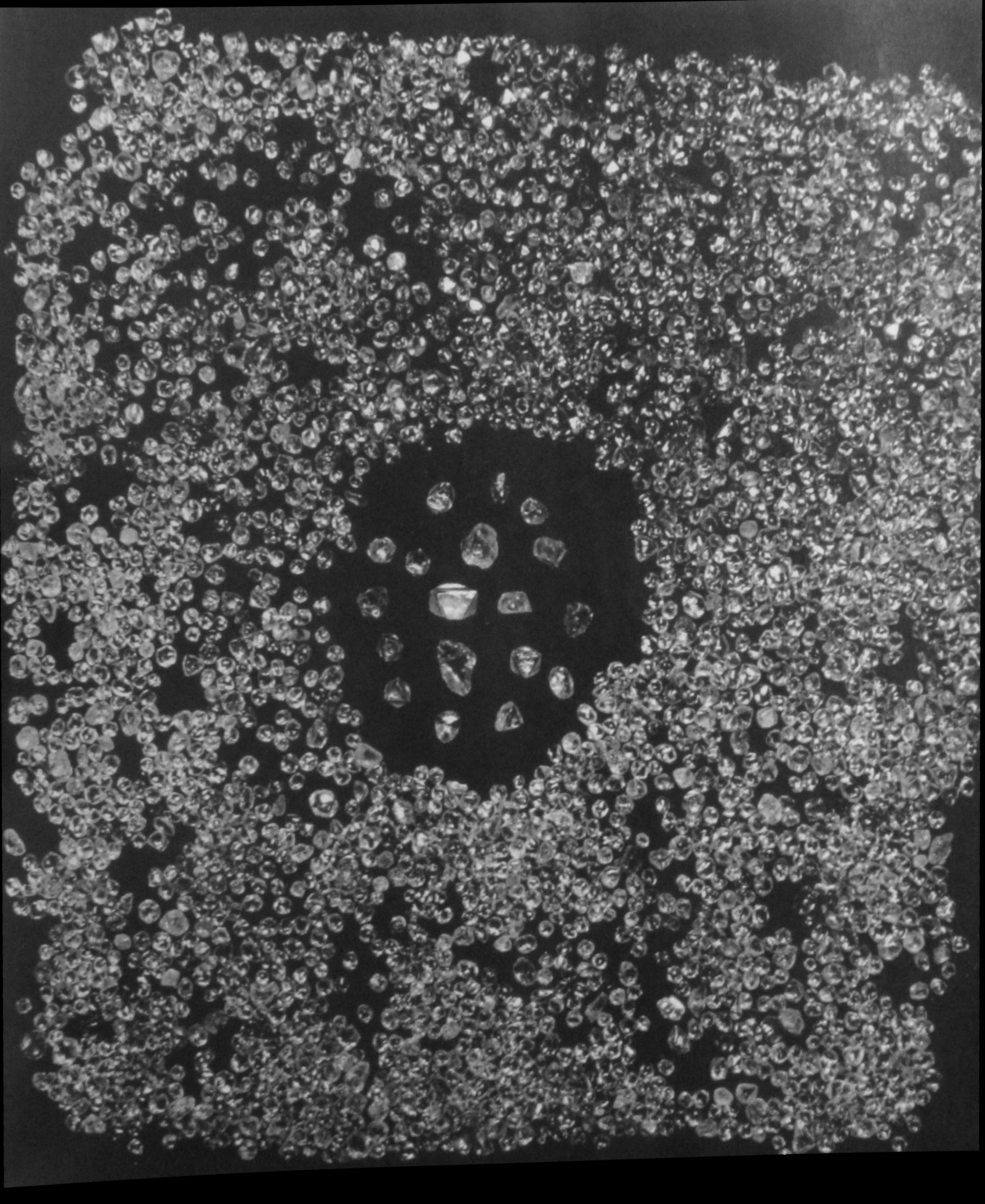
It took the dapper, soft-spoken Collins just a little over three years to prove to the world, and to himself, that South Africa's rich harvest of diamonds originally came from volcanic fissures in the sea, and over the centuries, had been carried inland by tidal waves, earthquakes, and other changes of an inconstant nature. And because Sammy Collins believed in his theory of diamonds in the sea, he is today a millionaire many times over. But even more important, he has unlocked the door for treasure hunters of the future, willing to gamble their lives and fortunes in an effort (Continued on page 61)



ABOVE: The vessel "Marina" is a ferry that carries men and supplies between Luderitz, S.W.A. and the mining plants. LEFT: Diamonds are recovered by hand from the final concentrate on board the mining plants. BELOW: "Diamantkus" leaving Capetown for S.W.A. This vessel uses its own engines for mobility. RIGHT: 1,100 carats of sea diamonds. This is one of the first parcels to be recovered by the Marine Diamond Corporation, Ltd.



By JANE DOLINGER



THE BEAUTY AND THE BULL-RING

Mexican movie star, Grace Polit loves to fight bulls in a bistro called La Morena ■ By Tom McArdell

■About thirty miles north of Mexico City there's a nightclub called "La Morena," which offers its customers two unusual attractions. One, is a miniature bull-ring where beginners can receive instruction in the fine art of bull-fighting under the expert tutelage of Diego O'Bolger, who was born just plain Jimmy Bolger in Buffalo, New York, U.S.A. Only very small baby bulls are called into action while the amateur matadors twirl their capes in full view of the customers who wine and dine at ringside tables.

But all this comes to a standstill when Senorita Grace Polit, "the Girl from Ecuador," glides her svelte form among the tables at La Morena. The patrons, matadors, and sometimes even the bulls, lose interest in each other and feast their eyes upon this languid, tall (5-7), brown-eyed brunette who is pursuing a career as an actress in Mexican films. And in just the same way the patrons have their eyes on her, Grace Polit has her eyes on Hollywood.

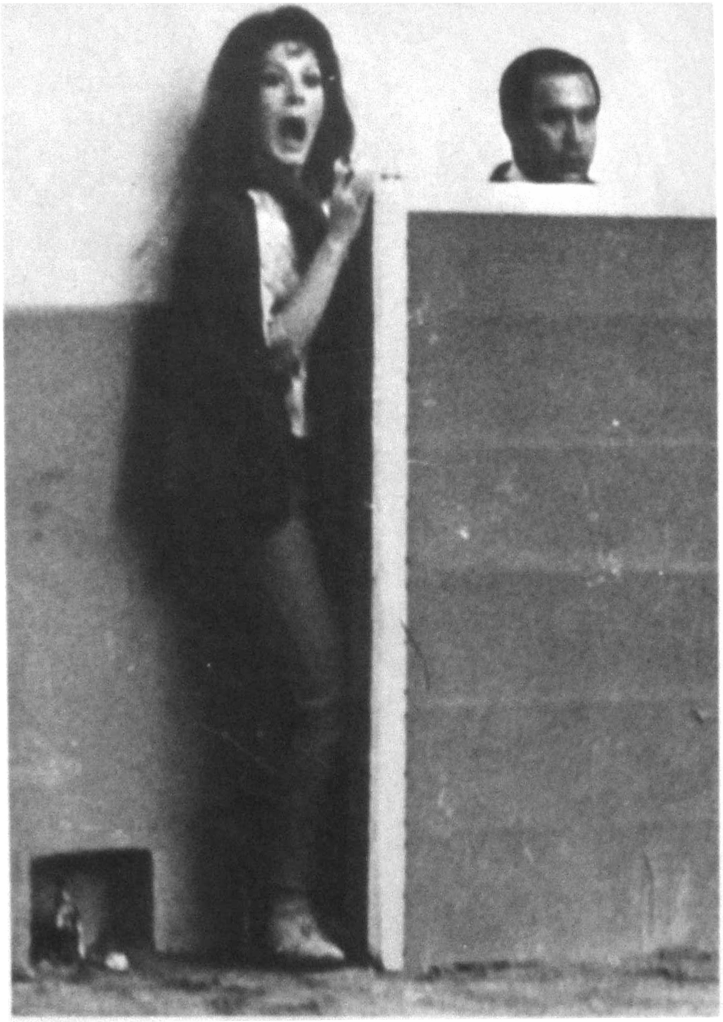
Senorita Polit is an Ecuadorian of French descent who, as a youngster in her home city of Guayaquil, had no particular ambition to become an actress. Her parents died when she was very young. Several years ago while touring Europe, she met Federico Fellini, the noted Italian movie director. Grace says he suggested a screen test, but she refused to accept the offer. "My aunts were horrifed at the thought of a member of the family becoming an actress," she recalls, "so they turned thumbs down and I went along."

But Fellini's futile attempts to test her screen talents planted a notion in her pretty head. After she returned home to Ecuador, she kept thinking about the offer and finally decided that perhpas the Polit family might do well to have an actress after all. There's no film industry in Ecuador, so she turned her sights on Mexico City where the "breaks" soon came her way and she appeared in three films and four plays in the legitimate theatre. And like most actresses in Mexico, she also models and performs in "telenovelas," the Mexican version of serialized soap operas for television.

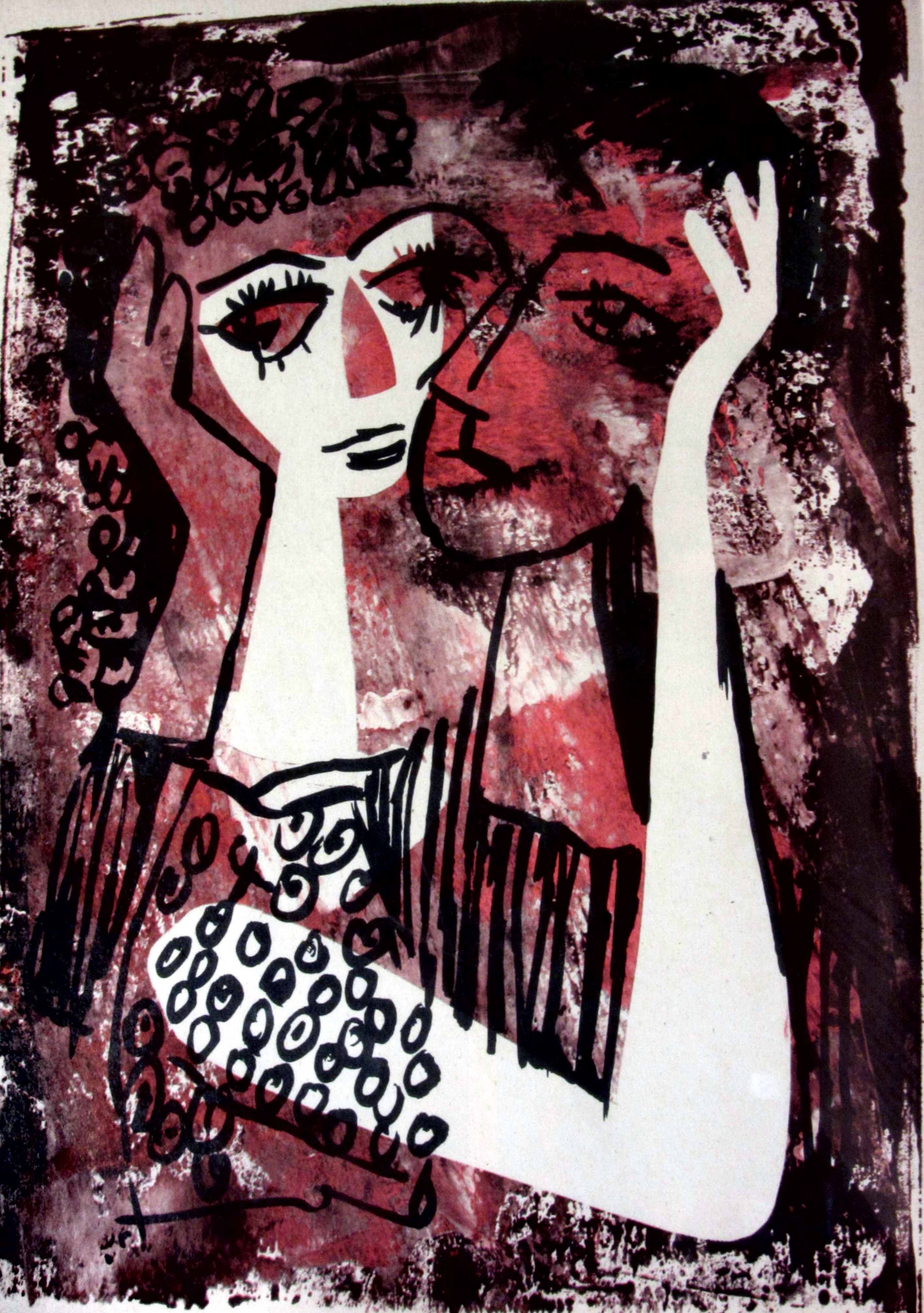
For the past two and a half years, Grace has been taking voice lessons with the idea of branching out into more nightclub work and recording. "They told me that with my face and figure I wouldn't have to worry about my voice," she says, "but I refuse to go up there and make myself ridiculous. I don't want to depend on my face and figure alone.

Senorita Polit's sentiments are perfectly understandable, but in the modern, sex-conscious world of Hollywood films, a producer almost always looks, before he listens. ■

Expert Diego O Bolger instructs Grace Polit in the use of the cape



Caution is the better part of valor when an angry bull charges



A PRIZE FOR MANUEL

Manuel was a real smart angle guy but Glorita had a few of her own too . . .

By Walter Arkward ■ Manual Garcia awoke from too much sleep and sat up. He was utterly depressed. He stared at the foot of his bed, furrowing his brow and pulling down the corners of his mouth in an expression of revulsion. Shrill noises ascended from the street, five floors below. The noise battered his ears and the sight of the untidy, neglected room offended his eyes. A torn place in the curtain let in a shaft of bright sunlight that danced with a million specks of dust and cut across the corner of the room.

"Oh, God," he moaned. "Why go on?"

Getting slowly out of bed he stretched himself. He closed his eyes tightly and yawned cavernously, making a noise like a cow painfully overdue for milking. Head hanging, he shuffled barefoot to the door and peered cautiously out. The corridor was deserted so he tiptoed quickly across into the bathroom.

In the shower, under a deluge of cold water, Manuel began to sing; halfheartedly at first and then with more enthusiasm. A hesitant, mournful ballad gradually developed into a suggestive, carefree and lively mariachi tune. Finally he emerged, impeccably shaved and powdered, his little black mustache so perfectly clipped it looked like a machine-made thing and his curly hair greased and combed into corrugated solidity.

Pajama trousers in one hand and a towel **(Continued on next page)**

around his waist he stepped gaily into the corridor and bumped smack into his landlady.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, and "Flower of Guadalajara, how is it that every day you look more handsome?" Very large and in vigorous health, she could nonetheless scarcely be called handsome. She raised her eyebrows and gave a sniff, then frowned.

"You've been at my perfume again, **Senor** Garcia," she declared.

"A mistake, **Senora** Glorita," Manuel protested, raising a hand in a characteristic gesture like a policeman stopping traffic. "An understandable mistake. The bottles are so much alike that anyone could be forgiven for confusing them. But," he conceded, "it has happened before, I admit, so I shall buy you a new bottle. How's that?"

"That would be all right, if you meant what you say. But at the moment I am more concerned about your rent."

This was the one topic that Manuel was dreading. He paled visibly but somehow managed to look incredulous.

"The rent?" he exclaimed. "Why it seems only yesterday that I..."

"But it was six weeks ago."

Manuel knew this full well and for several days past, when not distracted by some thing amusing, had thought of little else but the fact that he could not lay his hands on the money for his rent.

"It can't be, **Senora**," he insisted. "You are mistaken. Your accounts are in error. Of course," he quickly added, "understandably. You have just probably forgotten to note down the last time I paid you."

This was a desperate attempt to both humiliate her and throw her off, a kind of verbal blow below the belt, for it was well known to all her boarders that **Senora** Glorita could neither read nor write. But she had the toughness and self-reliance of most illiterates who were managing in a literate world and was not in the least put out.

"You mind you pay up tomorrow," she cautioned wagging a thick forefinger under his nose, "or I'll send for the police and sell your things to the rag man."

"All right, all right," Manuel managed with some dignity. "But I shall want a signed receipt as required by law." And with that he stomped into his room and slammed the door.

Manuel opened his window and gazed gloomily down at the scene of noisy activity below. For an instant it occurred to him how easily he could settle all his problems by falling out, but in the next instant he shuddered at the thought and withdrew hastily lest some accident occur. Broodingly, he began to dress.

He put on a white shirt and a blue flowing tie with a huge knot, then white socks, an almost white suit with creases ironed in as sharp as a razor, and snakeskin shoes. He arranged a blue and white polkadot handkerchief in the top pocket of his jacket with all the dexterity and devotion of a Japanese flower arranger, and was ready to go. On the way out he came upon **Senora** Glorita talking to a lottery-ticket hawker at the front door.

"Let me look at the numbers, old man," Manuel said and began looking at the sheets of tickets. He was looking for one with two nines in a row, a combination that had a peculiar attraction for him. The purchase of a thousand losing tickets, all with two nines in a row, had so far failed to convince him that these numbers meant no more for him than any others. **Senora** Glorita had already made her purchase with characteristic dispatch, taking the first one she saw. Manuel took rather longer but finally bought one and put it in his pocket. The ticket hawker thanked them both, wished them luck and shuffled off. **Senora** Glorita touched Manuel's arm and held out her ticket to him.

"Just see if the date is right, will you?" she asked. "I don't want a ticket for last week's lottery." Manuel examined the ticket.

"Yes," he said. "This one is for today."

Manuel was a junior member of a business that had fallen on hard times. It was the import license business and Manuel was one of a select band of legmen working for a tight little organization that had managed, by the cultivation of useful friendships in key places coupled with the most judicious bribery, to achieve a position in which they were able to obtain import licenses for merchandise on the government's restricted list.

There had been a time, not long ago, when Manuel had been able to get 25 per cent of the value of the license supplied, and although his own take was but a quarter of this, it still made for easy living at little effort. But envious charges in the House of Representatives had had a depressing effect on turnover.

Throughout the day, Manuel footed it up and down the side streets that crossed the **Avenido Juarez**, offering licenses in a dozen places. He always put his proposition very discreetly only hinting at the truth. But those whom he approached, experienced merchants all, recognized him for what he was and understood exactly what he offered. They were all polite and thanked him for calling. And they all regretted that there was nothing they needed now, but would be glad to see him if times should change.

Hot, perspiring and feeling near to exhaustion, Manuel stopped in the street to count the money in his pocket. One hundred and ninety pesos; enough to keep him in meals for maybe two weeks. But what good would that be with no roof over his head, nowhere to have a bath and change his clothes? Manuel stood on the busy sidewalk, blind to the world rushing noisily by, a gaudily elegant but crestfallen figure, hands deep in his trouser pockets, gloomily contemplating doom. What would be the end of it all? Had his luck really run out? Would he be finally forced to get himself a job as a clerk someplace, sit in a smelly office totaling meaningless figures?

Suddenly he had an idea. Why not ask little Maria for a small loan? Of course! The more he thought about it, the more he felt sure this would be the solution. Light of heart and smiling gently to himself, he jauntily strolled down the street past all the glittering shops to the **Calle de Flores Azul** winking at every pretty girl he passed.

In more affluent times, Manuel had been generous to Maria. He and she had bestowed on each other a regular thrice-weekly ration of affection, and he had more often than not given her more than her current price. She had always been glad to see him. If there was anyone in the world to help him now, it was she.

She lived in a bed-sitter at the far end of the **Calle de Flores Azul**. The room, though not large, was abundantly overfurnished. The centerpiece, as it were, was an enormous divan-bed, but all around were easy chairs, knee-high tables, pillows and cushions. A heady reek of strong perfume filled the air and an ornate crucifix dominated the wall over the bed.

Maria was dressing herself when Manuel opened the door and strolled in. She stopped at once, for with him there it seemed point-less to continue. In slip and brasseire she advanced to meet him. She kissed him on the cheek like an old friend, made him sit in one of the overstuffed chairs and perched herself on the arm of it.

"How are you, Manuel, my love?" she asked pleasantly. "Do things go well with you?"

"Bad, Maria. Things are very bad, indeed," he replied with funereal solemnity. To look at him now you would say that things just could not be worse.

"**Mi pobre**," she sympathized, storking him softly behind the ear. "My poor thing! But your Maria will make you feel better soon."

"No, Maria, no!" he said. "I cannot think of frivolity at a time like this. There are urgent matters to be solved and I cannot afford to waste time on distractions—even though," he added, putting his hand on her knee, "they are the loveliest and most wonderful distractions a man could find."

"And yet you come to see me. I am glad for I love my Manuel, even when he is miserable." She slid expertly off the arm of the chair into his lap. She put her arms around his neck.

"No, no!" Manuel cried, both arms outstretched and straining his head away. "I tell you, Maria, I am faced with ruin. How can I allow myself to be tempted now?"

"Tell me later," she whispered.

An expression of rather hopeless, yet delighted surrender came into his eyes, and he decided there were some temptations that even the saints could not resist forever.

Next morning he awoke before Maria and smote his forehead at the thought of the time wasted.

"My God in Heaven!" he exclaimed. "How can I play like this when I am threatened with eviction, disgrace, starvation and the end of the world? I have no time to lose."

He scrambled out of bed and quickly dressed. Then he awakened Maria. She stirred and looked at him sleepily.

"What is it, Manuel? Are you going already?"

"I must go, Maria," he answered urgently. "But listen, **mi amor**, I have something to tell you."

"What, Manuel?"

"Maria," he blurted out, "the truth is I have nothing for you this time." Maria laughed softly.

"Why you old cheat!" she said. "But never mind. Next time you will be generous to your Maria and I will forgive you. All right?" She closed her eyes and settled to fall asleep again.

"Wait, Maria," Manuel cried. "Of course, I'll be generous next time. I'll be very generous as I have in the past . . ."

"Good, Manuel! Next time then. God bless."

"But there is something else, Maria. Please listen to me."

"I'm listening, Manuel. What is it?"

"I need seven hundred and fifty pesos. Will you lend it to me?"

For a long moment she did not answer. Then she sat bolt upright in bed and looked at him with an expression of puzzlement that gradually changed to outrage as she saw that he was serious.

"Me lend you money?" It was as though she was afraid to believe her ears, as if someone had told her, her departed husband was now a saint. "**Me** lend **you** money?" she repeated incredulously.

"Just for a few days, Maria. I need it badly. If you don't agree I really won't know what to do. Disgrace, the very end . . ."

"Get out," she screamed. "Get out! You . . . you son of a pig, GET OUT!"

Mute and quite shattered, Manuel crept out. He walked into the sunny street like a zombi, seeing and hearing nothing. Desolate, he remembered the lottery ticket in his pocket and the recollection nearly brought him to his knees in an agony of relief and hope. Here in his pocket was the last chance. But the two nines in a row would do it. They must! Oh, Lord, let there be a prize for Manuel! Just a few lousy pesos, please!

Eyes bright and back straight, he smiled at the world. He would be a man again and walk the earth like a king. He would go to Maria the ungrateful little bitch, throw a five-hundred peso note into her room and leave without so much as a word. Then he would buy a bunch of flowers for **Senora** Glorita and melt her stony heart. He would give her the largest bottle of perfume he could find and demand new curtains for his room. Ah, but life was wonderful—what a place of friendly sights and sounds was this sunny world!

With great haste he made his way to the lottery bank. The broad sheets bearing the results were pinned outside for all to consult and a group of people, tickets in hands, were eagerly scanning them. Manuel was just about to push his way into the crowd when he felt a hand on his arm. He turned and was surprised to see **Senora** Glorita beside him.

"Don't worry, Senora. I have it. I'll pay you within the hour."

"That's good," she answered. "But while you're here will you check this ticket for me in case I have won something?"

"Of course, **Senora** Glorita," he said taking the ticket from her hand and pushing his way up to the list of prizes. To his amazement, as he read the numbers, he saw that she had won 20,000 pesos. This filled him with such black despair that he almost fainted. He suddenly remembered all the hundreds of worthless tickets he had bought over the past years and knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that the one in his pocket was just another dud. He was about to push his way back to **Senora** Glorita when a thought of great craftiness occurred to him, and he acted upon it without further reflection. He put her ticket in his pocket and took out his own. This he folded and handed back to Glorita.

"Nothing for this one, I'm afraid," he said. "Better luck next time."

Containing himself with an almost superhuman effort, he strolled off. His heart was so full of excitement that it nearly cracked his ribs and he could not wait to collect the money, but something told him he had better do it at another lottery bank.

He laughed all the way across town.

Manuel took a taxi. He sprawled in the back like a king and chuckled riching to himself as he felt the fat wad of banknotes in his pocket. He drove to Maria's house, gave her five hundred pesos and kept the taxi waiting for three-quarters of an hour. He had himself shaved and shampooed and then discharged the taxi, with a generous tip, outside the "**Vaca de Oro**" restaurant where he paid a small fortune for a huge meal and a bottle of the finest **mescal**. In a state of delicious euphoria, but with his excitement pleasantly mellowed, he bought a dozen roses and a massive flask of perfume and went home to see **Senora** Glorita.

But she was not at home. Feeling slightly deflated, Manuel arranged the flowers in a vase and put the flask of perfume beside them on the dining room table.

It was three in the afternoon, so Manuel went to the movies. A film involving luxury yachts and a nude Brigitte Bardot sunning peach-like buttocks on the shores of the Mediterranean suggested to Manuel that there were tremendous

(Continued on page 59)

THE KISS OF THE VAMPIRE

Centuries of belief have kept the vampire alive and still sucking the blood of the living down to the classic, Dracula ■ By Geoffrey Wagner

■"THE KISS OF THE VAMPIRE!" . . . "THE RETURN OF THE WEREWOLF!" The sidewalk hoardings scream these titles at us continually. The original Dracula movie, starring the unforgettable Lon Chaney, had a highly successful revival in New York in 1965. Paperback anthologies and science-fiction selections, pouring out from the presses monthly, all attest to the fact that the vampire is, in short, hard to kill off. The vampire is an integral aspect of our vocabulary of the supernatural; the myth exerts a strange fascination. Why?

To start off with, the vampire is a nightmare, and Ernest Jones's essay "On the Nightmare" includes it high up among disturbing symptoms. It is a symbolic figure which exacts a penalty from the male for sexual fulfillment, the penalty of sucked blood. The vampire of folklore, we note, only returned to attack those he, or she, loved. Sociologically more than one modern writer has depicted contemporary emancipated womanhood as vampiric—in the sense of sucking money out of men. The male world exhausts itself physically so that money, the lifeblood of modern society, can be sucked from them by their mates. Finally, if such speculations and interpretations seem far-fetched, the vampire is an addict. Coleridge, addicted himself at the time, undoubtedly saw his own condition in such terms, in his famous poem **Christabel**, in which the vampire Geraldine takes the pure Christabel to bed with her and (it is conjectured) tries to make a vampire out of her, too.

The popular image of the vampire is, then, that of a beast or leech, a human parasite and predator. Evil, rather than sick. Throughout the nineteenth century vampiric literature flourished, from Byron, Southy—even Goethe—to the French romantics, for whom a vampire poem or story was a must on the ladder to literary success:

Gautier, Nodier, Baudelaire, Merimee. Nodier wrote a vampire play, as did Alexandre Dumas **pere**—the latter's a long involved drama concerning two vampires, one male and one female. The **vampira** finally gave herself—out of love for a human—to final death, and the destruction of her twin **vampirus**. Baudelaire's vampire poem is the best known of all, perhaps, and the most directly sexual in interpretation: "When she had sucked the pith from my bones . . ."

It is useless dismissing the vampire with a shurg at the kind of poster art on display outside the theater showing **Sangrimiento Vampiro** in your neighborhood—especially not at a moment when, we now learn, mental hospitals all over America number patients whose only hope of life (they feel) is to drink some human blood. The phenomenon has constituted a pervasive human belief for thousands of years and cannot be lightly dismissed. In Greece it was early prevalent. Later the Slavonic nations added to the folklore. Vampiric practices have slipped almost unseen, as it were, into the superstitions of many culture groups. The garlic cure for wasps and other stings to be found all round the Mediterranean was originally a vampire disinfectant. So was the habit of placing something over or plugging the mouth of a dead person, so that a vampire could not infect the departed one. There is a vampire story in the **Golden Ass** of Apuleius.

Basically, the vampire was always conceived of as one who returned from the grave to the bed of a beloved. It was a union with the immortal. This union, close in pagan cultures, was frowned on by the Holy Church and in the Middle Ages the vampire largely bifurcates into **incubi** and **succubi**. The incubus was a sexual demon, or male **revenant**, who impregnated women; the **succubus** was the reverse, a female seducer from beyond who caused the male to ejaculate. Lilith was the original **succubus,** the word **lilit** being Assyrian for this character.

Yet vampirism was somehow so deep-seated that Christianity had to accomodate it, and the concept of purgatory, of a realm of floating souls rejected alike by death and by life, allowed the belief to continued. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a militant clergy (drinking blood in the form of wine, incidentally) were concerned to suppress

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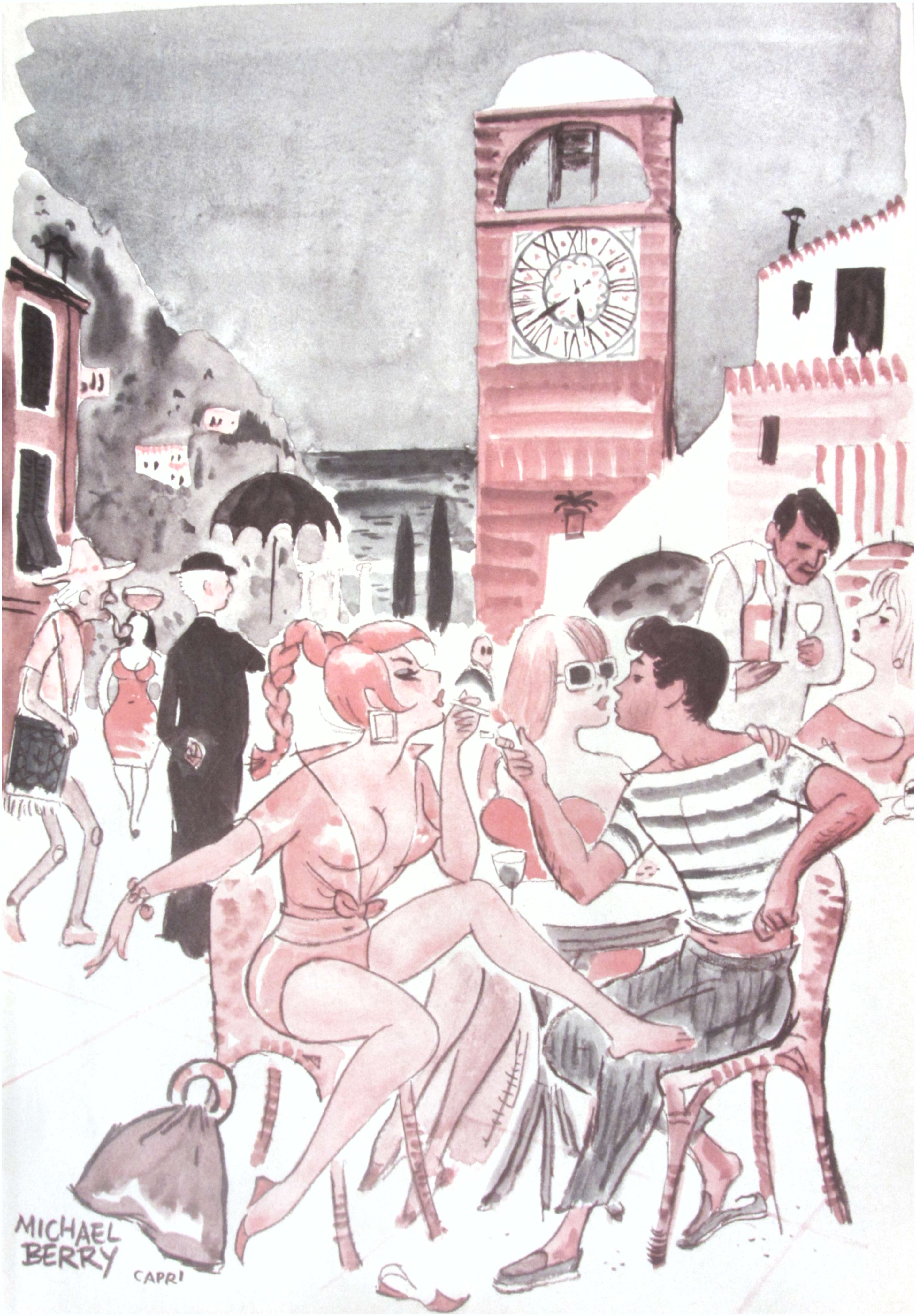
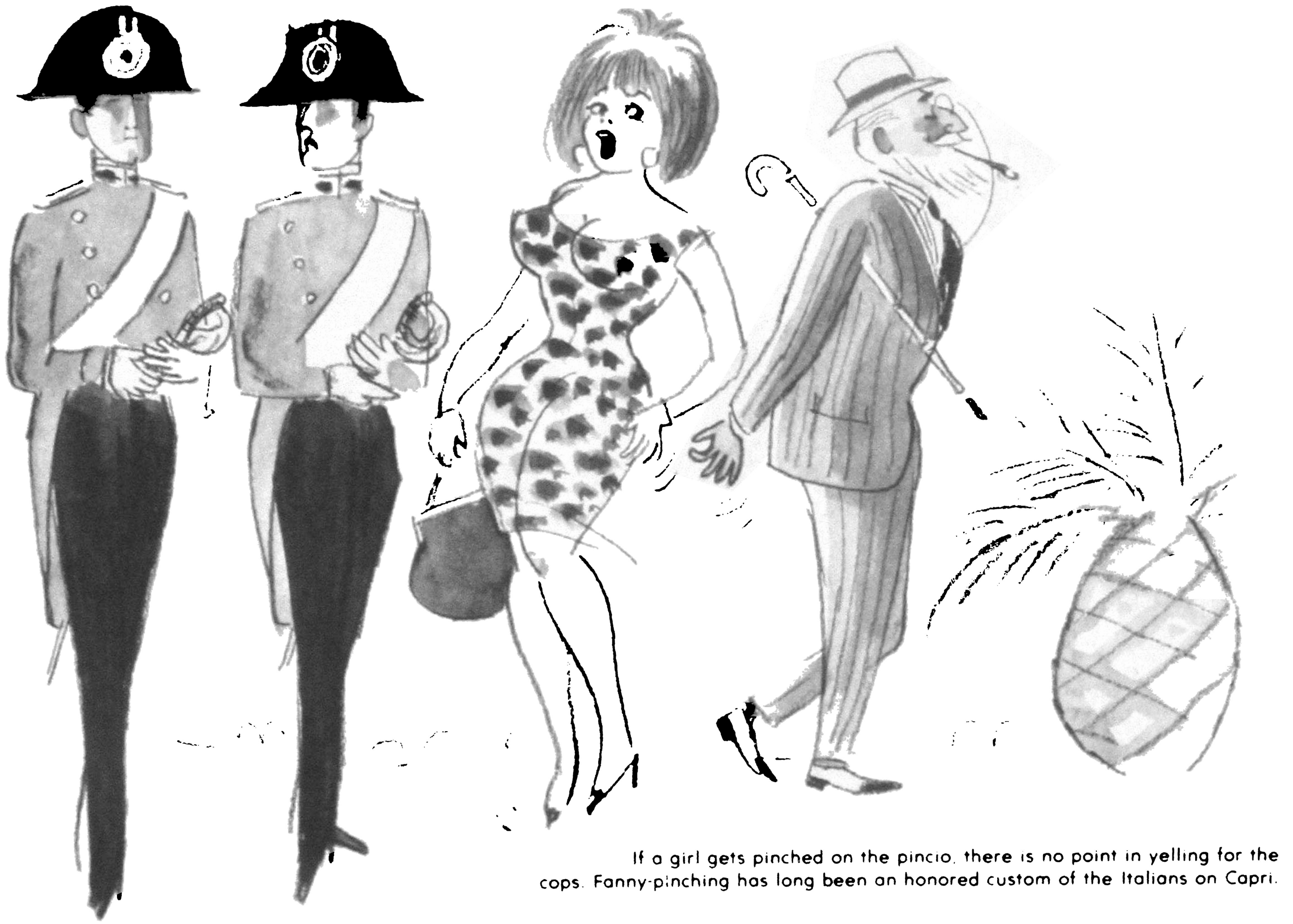

MICHAEL BERRY
CAPRI



If a girl gets pinched on the pincio, there is no point in yelling for the cops. Fanny-pinching has long been an honored custom of the Italians on Capri.

THE REDCAPS OF LOVE

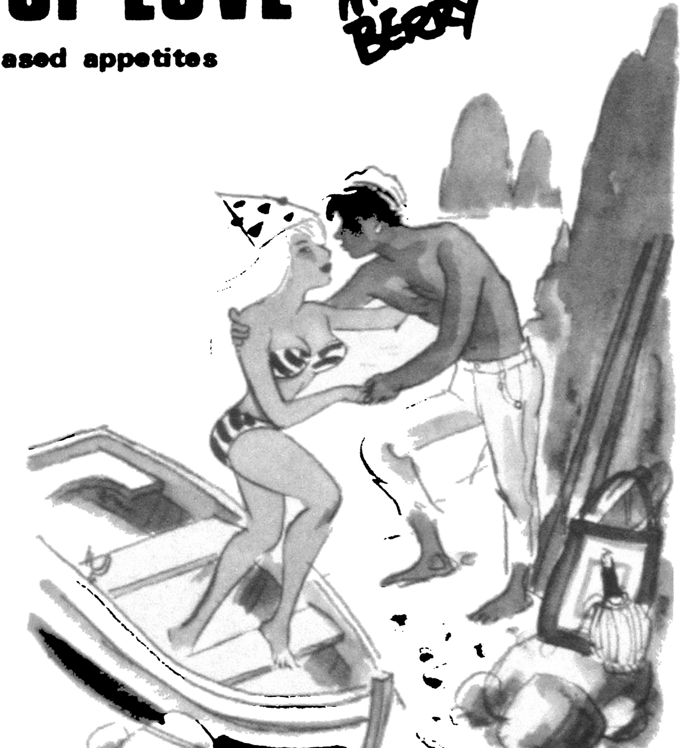
By Michael Berry

Capri: Isle of amore and increased appetites

■ **Facchini d'amore** is the word for them, those handsome, young, brown-skinned fishermen of Capri who attract so many unattached lady tourists to the island. What does the word mean? Well, a **facchino** is a redcap, a baggage porter (it also means 'scoundrel' which anyone who's ever employed a **facchino** can readily appreciate). And the word '**amore**' means of course amore, the favorite pastime on the Isle of Capri.

Residents will tell you, quite seriously, that amore is not only in the air, but in the rocks as well; that the rocks of Capri are radio-active, but instead of radium, uranium or thorium they radiate pure SEX, stimulating and supercharging all who come in contact with them. People who visit Capri, the story goes on, are surprised at their sharply increased appetites and their unflagging energy. Later, when they leave the island and re-enter the outside world they collapse with happy exhaustion and a delicious sense of achievement.

The legendary fishermen of the island whose services are so available to visiting ladies of all ages are not always fishermen in the strict sense of the word. They may be waiters or hotel porters or boatmen. Or just plain barefoot boys



The enterprising young boatman has a grotto of his own where amore is the password. All other places are for squares.

◀ Love is the favorite pastime with the inhabitants of Capri where Neapolitan songs fill the air and an hour of happiness may cost a few dollars.

with low-slung blue jeans. Being accomplished dancers, linguists and lovers they present an odd combination of naive earthiness and worldly sophistication. On the beach at Marina Piccola they display their slender well-tanned bodies to greatest advantage and the late afternoon finds them on the Piazza Re Umberto, social center of the island and marketplace for all male/female supply and demand.

While the square tourist crowd visits the Blue Grotto the **facchino d'amore** with a small boat of his own rows a lady client to his private grotto. There she will experience his many-splendored services, complete with Neapolitan songs, mellifluous speeches and assurances of undying love. Rates range from a few dollars to 18-carat cigarette cases or jeweled cufflinks. The only disadvantage of such an outing, according to a satisfied customer, is that 'the rocks are damn uncomfortable to lie on. Your back gets all black and blue.'

In the Piazza where the cafe sitters have little to do but exchange intra-island gossip one is used to seeing black-and-blue backs. "There goes a rock-baby," is the usual dry comment.

Of course, there are other bases of operation than the hard rocks. Soft beds all over the island welcome the **facchino**. One hospitable bed is in a luxurious villa up in Anacapri which is occupied by a slightly over-ripe, once beautiful Swedish woman. Her admirer, a rich Neapolitan businessman who owns the villa comes every Friday to spend the weekend with her. The rest of the week the lady entertains as her house guest a 17-year old **facchino d'amore**.

A German lady doctor who looks like a typical **Hausfrau** in her unbecoming haus-frowzy clothes leaves her husband once a year for a Capri vacation with a fisherman named Pietro, 24 years her junior.

Pietro knows very well that his career is short and he makes the most of it. He puts every lira he earns into the Banco di Napoli and when he has enough he plans to marry a local virgin.

In the meantime he hangs around the beaches and popular night-

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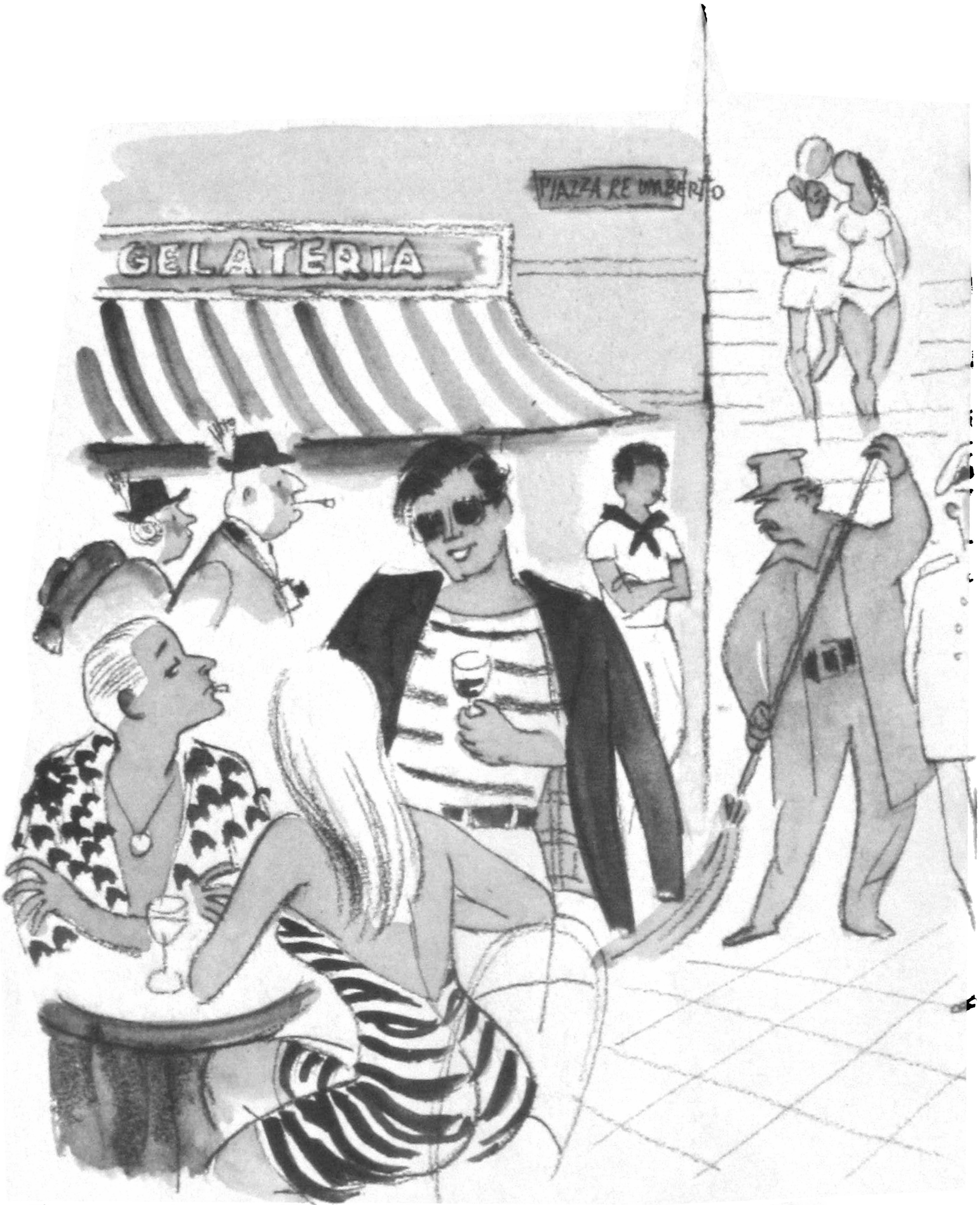
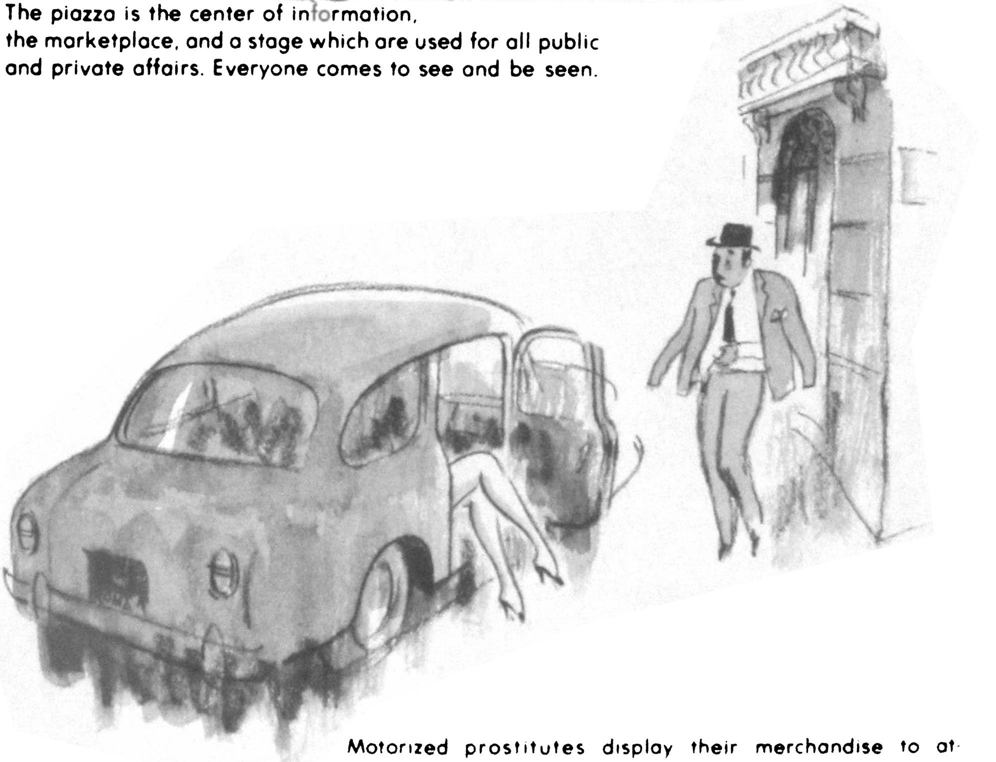
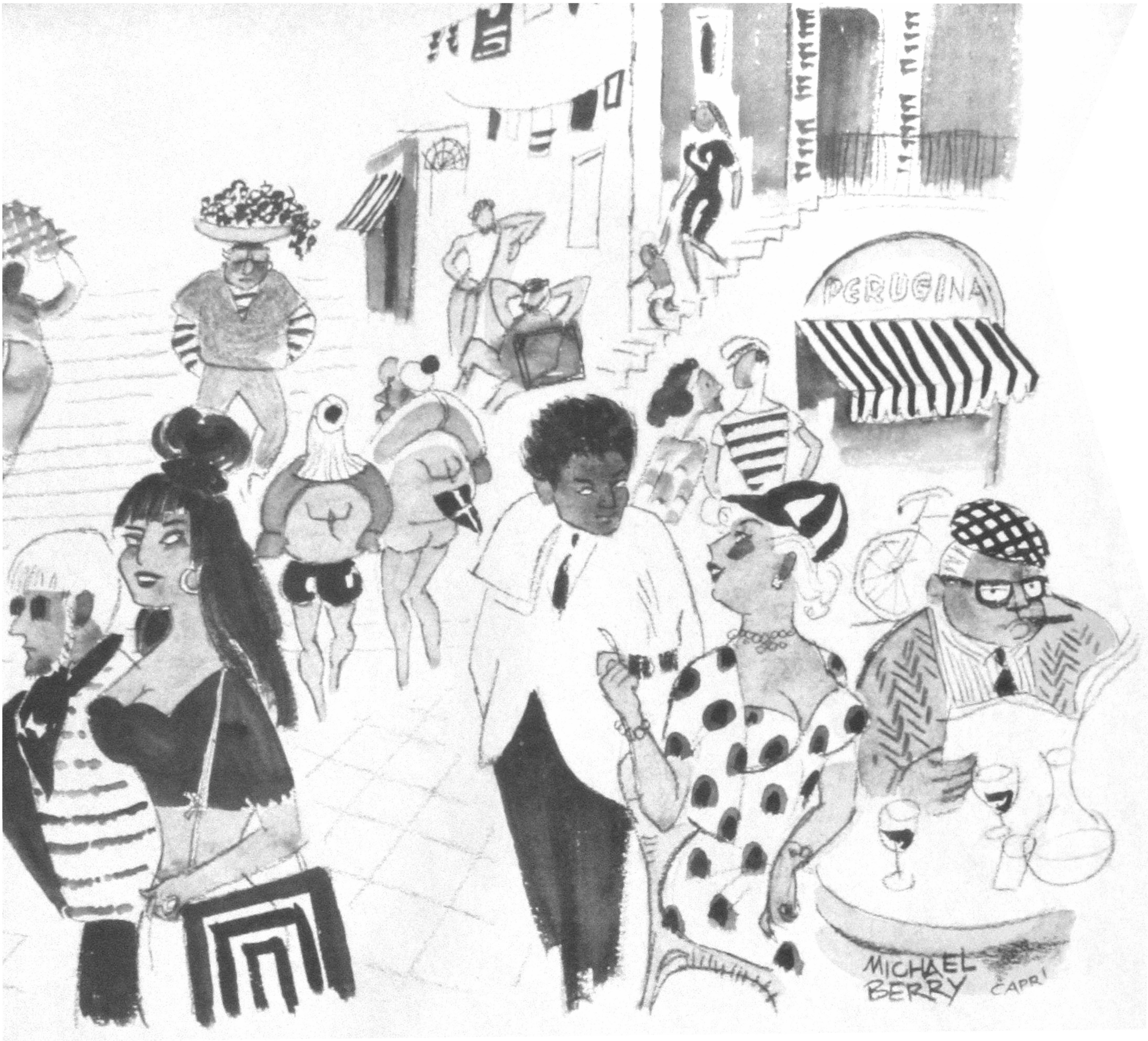


The piazza is the center of information, the marketplace, and a stage which are used for all public and private affairs. Everyone comes to see and be seen.



Motorized prostitutes display their merchandise to attract clients. Tourists are their major source of income.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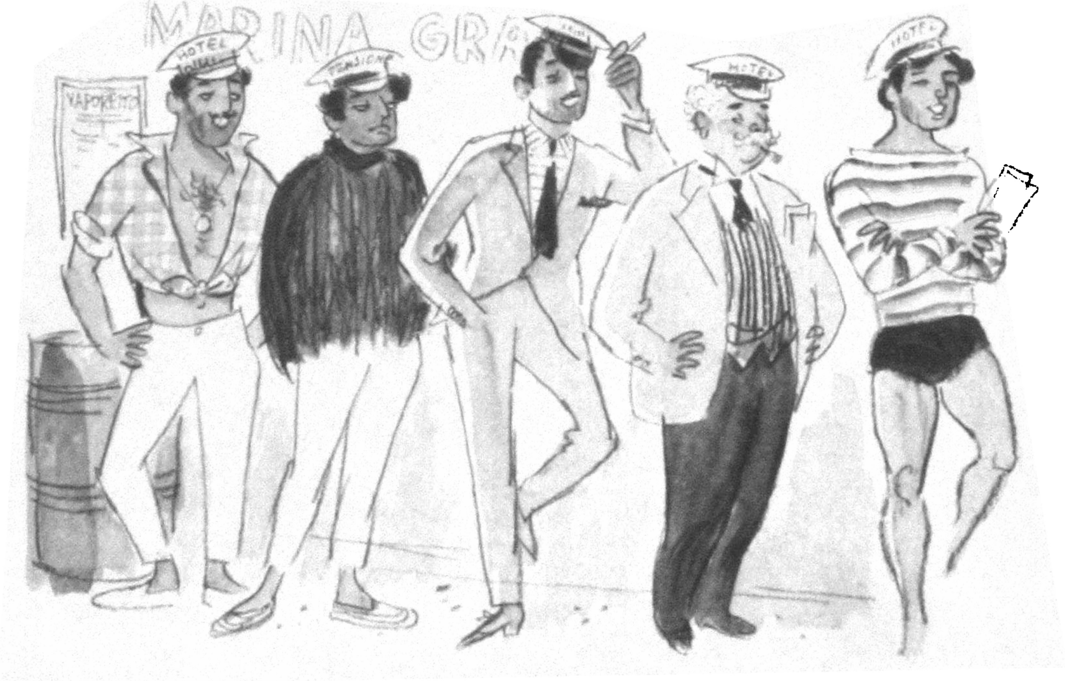
MARINA GRA
HOTEL
PENSIONE
HOTEL
HOTEL
VAPORETTO

The daily tourist boat from Naples finds a gang of oddly garbed hotel porters lined up on the pier. They are usually experienced in their many splendored services

CHARLIE DAVIS

Although the plot to her routine is sketchy, there is a reason to it all. Charlie is a fine little actress and her personality comes across the footlights well. Recently she made a great hit in Las Vegas where Charles Rayburn took these exclusive pix. Charlie comes by her routine naturally. She was born in a small Arizona cow town and was brought up on a ranch. She rides a horse as well as any cowboy, and is a good shot.

EMILIA

(Continued from page 19)

in the rear of the place. I went to them and asked, "Could any of you fellows tell me where I could find Eggs Grover?"

They immediately ceased their endeavors, laid down their cue sticks and surrounded me. A drooling, scar-faced giant giggled and remarked, "This one is mine."

"You got the last one." A bulky companion snarled.

"Naw," the giant scowled. "Sunshine George got the last one. Dontcha remember how George hung him onna wall and threw darts at him?"

"Oh yeah, that Sunshine George is one lousy dart thrower."

"So this one is mine," the giant declared and the others immediately drew back, satisfied that the claim was genuine. The giant giggled some more, then took off his coat and laid it tenderly over a chair. "Hurry it up, Pretty Boy," one of the men called. "It's your shot."

"I take it, then," I said to the approaching Pretty Boy, "that you would not know where I could find Eggs Grover. Thank you just the same." The giant was slowly donning a pair of spiked brass knuckles. "I really didn't mean to interrupt your game, you understand. I was just passing by and I thought I'd drop in."

"Come 'ere," Pretty Boy crooned, and he reached for my throat with his adorned meat hooks.

In a flash I had sized up the situation and decided upon my plan of action. Deftly I flung myself on my knees. "Please, don't hurt me!" I requested of him.

He stood over me, laughing. I snuck my blackjack out from under my coat and applied it to a delicate area of his looming form. He loomed no longer.

While Pretty Boy rolled yelping about the floor I asked again, "Now seriously, men, where can I find Eggs Grover?"

They came at me in force, brandishing all kinds of things and there was nothing for me to do but leave. They chased me through the streets for awhile but I finally eluded them by entering the local Police station. The trembling officers allowed me to remain behind the barricades until my followers lost interest and left. Then I was politely, but firmly ejected from the premises because, as the Sergeant said, "They might get mad and come back and set the joint on fire again."

I crept back and stationed myself in a shadowed doorway across from the Latin Nickel. I waited patiently for an hour or so until finally a long, black Cadillac eased up to the curb. Within this car was the man I sought. I was urged on to this deduction by the sight of large gold lettering embossed on the doors of the Cadillac. The letters spelled 'EGGS'.

He emerged from the car, a huge, solid brute of a man, dressed smartly in a green silk, Continental pinstripe. With him was a woman. She was tall and lush and blonde. I glanced at the photo Claude Lank had given me. Yes, it was she. It was Emilia Lank. And she was some piece.

I crossed the street and once again entered the tavern which was headquarters for Eggs Grover and his hardy crew.

"Say buddy, ya got ten bucks fer a fix? If ya don't give it to me I'll hit ya wit' a sock fulla ball-bearings."

I brushed past that poor unfortunate and walked resolutely across the room to where the gang lurked about the pool table. Eggs and Mrs. Lank were nowhere to be seen. "Now look, fellows," I said strongly. "I know Eggs Grover is here. Now let's stop fooling around. Tell him I would appreciate seeing him. Come on, now, those guns aren't necessary. Come on, cut it out, fellows."

I was considering leaving again when a rear door opened and out stepped Eggs. "'ey, 'ey! Wha' da hell is all da confounded noise?" He had a very slitty expression. "So you're da bastid what cold-cocked Pretty Boy, eh? Hey Sunshine, get out da darts!"

"Mr. Grover," I announced. "I have come for Mrs. Lank. I'm a private detective , hired by her husband to rescue her from your sordid influence."

He smiled and called back over his shoulder, "'ey baby! Ya wanta get rescued from my sordid . . . ah . . . ah . . . "

"Influence."

" . . . influence? Huh?" From within the room from which he had stepped out of, a soft, lazy, quite feminine voice replied, "Naw." Eggs smiled smugly and said, "Dere, ya see. She's nuts about my influence. I influence her alla time and she loves it. Besides, she looks good in my Cadillac. She kinda glows, ya know?"

"Yes, I noticed. She glows quite well."

"Well alright, den. Whatta we talkin' about? Now, let's all have a hot game o' darts and ferget the whole t'ing."

"I got da darts, boss." Pretty Boy volunteered eagerly as he crawled across the floor.

"Firsties, firsties!" the men cried in unison.

I didn't care to play. Business before pleasure. I snuck my blackjack out from under my coat and tapped Eggs on the nose. While he shrieked and choked I slid past him and into the room. I slammed the door behind me and faced Emilia Lank. She was tall and lush and blonde. And she was very naked, sprawling lazily across a bed in the corner. "Pardon me, Mrs. Lank," I said. "My name is Felix McDonald and I've come to rescue you. Could you possibly throw a little something on . . . heh-heh. Not that I mind, you understand, but, well, we may have to take a cab or something . . . heh-heh."

She looked at me with big, purple eyes. "Say, you are kind of cute, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. And allow me to say the same about you. But might we hurry just a bit? I'm not too sure of the soundness of this door. You'll notice how the top is starting to splinter . . . ?"

"I don't want to go back to Claude," she pouted.

"Why? He seems like a nice fellow."

She stretched quite expertly, sending an immediate chill pirouetting down my spine. "He doesn't appreciate me," she said.

"Oh, I'm sure he does."

"Yes, but not enough. He only appreciates once or twice a week and I happen to be a very . . . active person."

"Yes, I see you are. Heh-heh."

"Well, then you can understand my reluctance to return to him. Eggs is vicious and murderous and moronic and more, but he appreciates me. Oh, how he appreciates me."

I detected a hinge on the door beginning to work loose under the pounding. "Ah . . . might I suggest we discuss this later, perhaps in a more amiable climate?"

She shook her head. "I don't want to go. A bird in the hand is worth two in . . . "

"Beleive me, Mrs. Lank. Eggs Grover is not the ultimate. I'm sure your husband can be persuaded to show his appreciation of you a bit more often."

"No, he's tried. Vitamins, blackstrap molasses, Wheaties . . . " She sighed and turned a curvacious thumb down. "Eh-eh. I'm frightfully sorry, Felix, but I'd better stay here. You go on now, there's a cute little secret panal in the wall there that Eggs uses when the Militia raids the place every now and then. You go on and maybe I'll give you a call sometime."

"I'm really sorry, Mrs. Lank, but what I'm about to do seems to be necessary."

"You're not going to knock me unconscious like they do in all those silly movies, are you?" She smiled languidly.

"Yes, I am." I said and I knocked her unconscious. Regretfully, then, I draped her coat about her gorgeous body, lifted her and made for the secret panel. Unfortunately, I didn't know where it was. I was pondering the situation when it abruptly appeared before me, sliding back like magic. It was certainly a clever contraption, but my approval of it was tempered by the fact that Eggs Grover stood framed in the sudden opening. His nose looked like the contents of a can of Del Monte stewed tomatoes. His eyes were extremely slitty. "I'm gonna slaughter ya, ya dirty little bastid!" he announced.

"Now, Eggs, I'm sure we can talk this over."

"I come dis way all alone. I wanta tear ya apart all by myself. Jes' my hands on your bones. Look, look what ya done ta me. My nose looks like a ulcer. But wait till ya see what you're gonna look like. Wait, jes' wait!" He advanced on me, huge hands outstretched, blood pouring down from his wrecked nose over the front of his green continental suit.

I snuck my blackjack out from under my coat and hit him again on the nose, or what was left of it. He folded up at once in a ball on the floor, slamming his head up and down on the wood and howling. I grasped the warm body of Emilia Lank, stepped over him and hurried through the secret passage.

To insure her safety I thought it best to take her to my apartment for awhile, just to keep her safe, so she would be safe, I wanted to make sure she was safe.

A week later I received a call from Claude Lank inquiring as to the whereabouts of his wife. He sounded rather desperate. I glanced at dear Emilia sprawled nude and voluptuous on my studio couch. She wiggled a bit and grinned a delicious grin at me. The sweat broke out on my forehead and I was quite hot to return to my sweet room mate. "Mr. Lank," I said. "I happen to know of an excellent private detective. Perhaps he could be of help to you."

After hanging up on my furious ex-client, I returned to Emilia and snuggled down beside her. "Do you appreciate me, Felix?" she whispered into my ear, nibbling at it all the while.

"I appreciate you, I appreciate you."

I decided I could really afford to wait one more day before going out to look for a job. Or maybe even two days.

After all, who needs eating?

SEX SURVEY

(Continued from page 9)

much a part of our home life that it had little to do with my subsequent interest in male sex organs. What did make a lasting impression was the fact that all my brothers had an interesting peter each and I had none. From the time I was 5 or 6 I envied them.

There never were more than three beds for us kids. I slept with my next older (and favorite) brother until I was about seven, then with my next younger one for a year or so, and finally on a sofa by myself. In our small house we dressed and undressed by the kitchen stove, boys, girl (me) and neighbor children (if any were visiting) all together, and we bathed together or one-at-a-time waiting in line, in a big galvanized tub on the kitchen floor.

In the summer we kids and our parents swam in our skins in a stock reservoir or the river. The thing I envied most was that my brothers could urinate standing up, and when I was maybe 7 or 8 my closest brother, 11 months older, sometimes would let me hold his nozzle and spray patterns in the dust.

Like all farm kids we knew all about sex from watching the farm animals. And I knew from a young age about the boy's healthy erections, and was fascinated by them to the extent of even expressing my envy to Mother, who assured me I would some day be as interesting to boys as they were to me.

But all these things were mostly childish responses until I was about ten, when my two oldest brothers had passed puberty and I would watch them and their friends having masturbating contests behind the barn (when they didn't know I was around). I realized that this brought them pleasure which I couldn't have; that this was closer to grown-up sex like my parents had and therefore that grown-up sex was fun, which hadn't occurred to me before. Then my favorite brother got to joining the older ones, too, even though he could only play with his and the others made fun of him sometimes. I finally confided to him what I had seen him doing and talked him into letting me play with him, which I did very often after that. The two of us also got to playing with our little brothers, but there were more chances for us to play with each other. It wasn't too long until my mother caught us. She didn't scold us, just smiled good-naturedly and made us stop. Her way of solving it was to send my brother to live in town with a family of all boys for the school year, and later when I went to high school, I stayed with girl friends. One result was that my mother always treated me like a grown-up woman after that and I learned from her what I am glad to say is a more uninhibited acceptance of sex than I have found some girls have.

My mother and I had talks about boys, sex, and so on, that were unblushingly direct, as her own attitude toward everything sexual was. This attitude, although not her words, encouraged me to look forward to my own sex experience, and when I moved into town the year I entered the 9th grade, I carried in my purse a package of safes—boy-type contraceptives—provided by my mother.

I had my first sexual intercourse about a month later, and was popular all through school (and have been since) by reason of not being afraid to take a little initiative. Later our family moved to Vancouver, and I've lived in the States for the past 4 1/2 years. I've never stopped being interested in what boys have in their pants. I am very often aroused by just a suggestion of an erection on a business associate or even a total stranger whose slacks are pulled against his crotch.

In Question 15 you asked if I were aroused by the sight of a man's body. I am definitely aroused by the sight of a man's body, or even the though of it, under some situations. I actually can't believe that all girls aren't interested to some extent, and aroused at least a bit, but I admit my background may have made me more receptive and responsive, and, in fact, given me definite voyeuristic and exhibitionistic tendencies.

Whenever I think there is a chance to catch sight of an unadorned male, or even a bulging jock strap, shorts, or even slacks, I am inclined to zero in on the bulge and even to bring about a more noticable sex-arousal effect, if I can manage an opportunity. On a date, the prospect of causing an erection on my escort is very stimulating to me, and I am more than willing to provide the allure that will accomplish this by wearing clothes that are as sexy and revealing as I can get by with. My favorite tactic is a specialty of low necklines that appear to be innocent but are really utter dynamite—for daytime dates a perfectly demure blouse or shirt becomes definitely wicked if you can unbutton the vee to produce a wide-open-spaces effect. And for after dark, my favorite little date dresses all have **wide** decolletes that are quite harmless until I lean forward, or have frankly scooped necklines that dip to the cleavage. Underneath I avoid full slips, which would interfere with the view, and usually wear a front-closing bra, with wide-set straps, underwiring, and a minimum of fabric above the nipple line or on the inside (center??) portion.

So here's what happens on dates as often as I can manage—I can't help giving the boy a real great panorama and he of course can't help getting an erection. The boy wants to play with what he sees, and so do I. He reaches into my bra and I get into his fly. Thereafter nature takes its usual course.

The following letter disagrees with a male respondant's point of view:

Dear Sir:

I don't know whether this should be a letter to the editor or addressed to your survey. I am a co-ed on summer vacation, a senior next year at a west coast co-ed school that is typical, I guess, for both men and women so far as their sex habits and manners are concerned. I saw your current issue on the neighborhood drug store news rack, and bought it because of the promised (on the cover) latest results in the college survey—my first issue—and of course it was interesting, but I guess I sort of expected a Kinsey-like statistical report. (All girls, as well as men, are interested in statistics on sex, mainly to compare their own experience with the rest of the population). Even if I was disappointed in not finding this, my eye was taken by a couple of the comments of people who have written you, enough so that I am going to make some comments on them, if my poor typing holds out.

First, the fellow who says pros are better than college girls, because they give their all to the pleasure of the male, while the college girls are "selfish." For one thing, this is really the pot calling the kettle black: the usual complaint is from the women, who say that men just "slam-bam-thank-you-ma'm" to them and call it sex, with no attention at all to whether or not the girl enjoys the act or acts. In my experience, which is probably just a bit wider than most college girls' for an accidental reason I'll relate later, this complaint is true in about half the cases; in the other half, the man simply isn't able to hold up his end of the bargain for as long as the girl wants it. But this isn't the prime complaint about this fellow's letter; I think it's nonsense to compare college girls, who by definition have little sexual experience and therefore little chance to develop techniques, with girls who make a profession of sex, have had hundreds or thousands of men, have had contacts which let them know of the refinements of sex methods, who have ample opportunity to practice these methods, and, after all, are paid for their efforts in good cash. I'll bet the football team at that fellow's college couldn't whip the Green Bay Packers, either.

And I'll bet the college girls (and the pros) who have had his company at sex, even though he may fancy himself as a cocksman for a college boy, would prefer Errol Flynn or Rubirosa in their best days!

With his attitude, if all men have it, how will a girl ever learn to be as good as a prostitute? After all, except for one slightly older man, in my own experiences with men I haven't been taught a thing; what little I do know I learned from a so-called "stag" movie which a girl at school somehow got hold of, and which we ran off about a hundred times, just so we could note carefully exactly what the girl actresses in it were doing as they entertained their men cohorts (and each other.)

I guess the most likely truth is that the fellow who wrote the letter wants the girl to be the aggressor at sex; and even though the college girls I know would personally be quite willing to be aggressive, at least part of the time, they are held back because custom decrees that they must pretend to be shrinking violets, giving in reluctantly, to something they ought to, and usually do, want every bit as much as the man does. If they acted otherwise, this kind of fellow would be the first to go around telling all and sundry that Betty Co-ed i. a sex machine, that she loves it, that she just can't get enough, that she frenches without being asked, and so on.

One more great advantage the pro girl has—physical facilities. It is one thing to have sex in the back of a car, or on a blanket on hard ground, or in a dubious motel; it is quite another to do it where the setting is entirely appropriate to the act, as a pro does, with the proper shaded lights, a bed chosen for size and proper hardness, mirrors, and the other things with which the pro can fit out her setting for sex activity. So much for that fellow's letter.

My only other comment would be that if a house of men pros were available to girls, I'll admit the girls would use it in preference to their men classmates.

My other comments are about what one female correspondent has to say about a girl's survey, and her own experiences. Mine to some degree parallel hers, and the changes she suggests in the questions seem sensible. The matter of oral sex should definitely have a question, if not several, for in my opinion it has come to occupy as prominent a place in college sex as I understand necking used to: to make a wise crack.

French kissing has been replaced by just Frenching (wherever did that word come from; it's not properly descriptive of the act). Reason: no one likes to be called a teaser; but no one likes to run the risk of pregnancy (and few like the use of condoms, which given the setting for most college sex, and the unavailability of pills to the unmarried, are about the only available contraceptives) or the relative messiness and unsatisfactory results—and the high schoolishness—of manually-induced orgasms. So—what could be a better solution than oral agitation of the penis (or clitoris) to orgasm? It has the further merit of being reliable—that is, it never fails to produce the end result, something which can't be said for regular old-fashioned sex.

Of course, there is some prejudice against it, but that is **just prejudice**, and may even come simply from the fact that the penis is also used for excretory purposes, and the termination of the female's urinary tract is also quite near her clitoris and vagina. Viewed from a **sensible** standpoint as to the results and lack of dangers, however, it must be admitted by the fair minded that the oral method of sex is pretty ideal, and certainly satisfying to both parties.

I also agree that regular masturbation is a good practice for girls, not as an exclusive method, but an auxilliary one. After all, when the sex urge strikes, the hand is always available, and a man is not. Girl-girl sex, which your correspondent rates highly, is still, in the future for me; I will engage in it when, as, and if, I run into a partner or partners like-minded and pleasing otherwise.

Only one more thing: my particular "break" in the matter of acquiring experience. I worked last summer in an office for a 35-year-old fellow whose wife was away for three months, and, without any romantic attachments or entanglements, we went to bed pretty often. I had had some prior experience, I thought, but this fellow really educated me. Now I find I am highly selective among males, and I'll be the first to admit that the right college men are a lot of fun, and, I really think with me they get their full share of fun, too. Not many, not promiscuously, I am sure, but selectively, I find sex relations make life most worthwhile. After all, what is better than getting and giving pleasure intimately with sensible, sophisticated, close-mouthed males, without pretense of being romantically entangled, or playing hard to get? Certainly, if and when I do get married, which I am sure is years away, I'll not have a husband who must go to pros or to his secretary because his wife doesn't know the ropes!

I hate to write anything that is anonymous, and I'm assuredly not ashamed of what I say above or what I do in sex actions, but, the world being what it is . . .

Signed,
Myra

NOTE: For the record, and to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding, the editors of "MAN TO MAN" wish to state that publication of the foregoing study does not in any way imply approval of the activities and points of view reported. Some, obviously, are at violent odds with the commonly avowed moral standards of our country.

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has written, "If there is to be intelligence in coming to grips with the problems of sex, there must be the widest possible discussion of it and dissemination of views concerning it." That is the limit of our function. Any assumption that we, because we have had the courage to present a factual and unemotional report, therefore sympathize with the activities or points of view described is a complete misreading of our purpose. The End

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THE "MOST" FILM

(Continued from page 27)

The scene of Sophia's bared bust would ordinarily be enough to have the boxoffice sing the song of sexpence, but when it comes to bosoms, Roger Roger figured no movie would be complete unless the physical assets of a certain blonde from Sweden be included. After all, isn't Ekberg a card-carrying member of the same Big Business?

Finding a peek-a-boo version of Ekberg's eminent 40-22-37, which as numbers are more famous than 23-skiddo, 54-40-or-fight and Number 10 Downing Street, wasn't so difficult. As luck would have it, Anita did a very revealing scene for Director Federico Fellini when he was getting his celluloid masterpiece, "La Dolce Vita," canned for global explosion.

In the scene Anita did in Rome's famous Fountain of Trevi, you'll recall she takes a bath in some very flimsy clothes. All very proper and good. But Fellini had Anita also shoot the very same scene with her garments at half-mast. For this he placed the camera much further away and took a long-shot sideview of Ekberg's northern regions undraped.

Fellini had hoped that he could get the long-distance profile of Anita past the censors, but it was no soap. Even from far away Anita still looked large enough to be a close-up. So he had to go along with the watered-down version that eventually got world-wide distribution. However, that little shot of a big shot does appear in "Potpourri"—but since it flashes on and off the screen so fast, you're almost obliged to stick through another sitting and catch Ek the second time around.

Which is not at all a hard thing to do, when you consider the all-star blouse-busters that have prominent parts in the movie. "Potpourri" is not an easy film to see. Showings are not advertised in the daily gazettes and are usually held in someone's private home or in private clubs as a "stag film." There is nary a chance in the world that the hot flick will ever get to the United States in the next year or so, because the owner of the film never lets a copy out of his hands because he doesn't want it copied. So whenever it is booked, Roger Roger's own trusted projectionist accompanies the film and he runs it through. This reporter,

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FEATURING THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

What is classic beauty? Most of those who have attempted to define beauty agree that it involves a response of pleasure. We call something beautiful when it delights us or pleases us in some special way. But what causes this response on our part? Is it something in the object itself? Is it merely a subjective reaction on our part? Or is it some combination of these two?

We know as a matter of common experience that all persons do not find the same objects beautiful. What pleases some fails to please others. This is sometimes taken to mean that beauty exists only in the eye of the beholder.

A continual negative response toward the undraped female form would indicate that a concept of lewdness is an attitude, not a condition. It is a state of mind, not a state of body. It is a subjective feeling, not an objective situation.

Beauty has both a subjective and an objective aspect. Objectively, the esthetic pleasure certain objects give us is related to the intrinsic excellence in the objects themselves.

One of the subjective aspects of beauty is that which pleases us upon being seen. In this statement, the word "seen" does not refer to seeing with the eyes. It refers to vision with the mind — a kind of intuitive apprehension of the individual object which is being contemplated or experienced esthetically. The satisfaction or pleasure that the beautiful object gives us lies in its knowability — in the fact that it is so constituted that we are able to apprehend it in its unique individuality.

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quite by luck, has seen the movie—and its sole drawback is that the sound track is not in one language. But what your ears won't understand, your eyes will.

Even though European actresses dominate the Roger potpourri, the Yankees get adequate representation in the form of a North Dakota beauty whose name is now a byword because she has the most beautiful legs in the world (so who's Dietrich, already?). That's Angie Dickinson. Angie, nevertheless, is not the type to prance around in the nude—that's not her style, nor is it the image she wants to create of herself in the public's eye. True, she owns a wow pair of gams, and with them she's become a leg show of her own. She is also a very fine actress, despite her smooth looks. But Angie's in "Potpourri," and she can thank famed director Jean Negulesco for that one.

During the filming of "Jessica" on the island of Sicily, Miss Dickinson engaged in a naked romp on the Mount Etna volcano. The script called for one scene in which Angie, exhausted by the hot summer sun, is tempted by the cool waters of a hidden stream. She undresses completely, according to the script, and wades into the chilly H_2O. Director Negulesco, whose reputation as an exacting craftsman came from such movies as "Three Coins in the Fountain," knew that the scene would call for some subtle touches. In order to get authentic face expressions of Angie "feeling nude" in the water, he asked her to give full cooperation and do the scene in the water while really nude.

Angie agreed and performed without benefit of G-string or half-bikini—just her in Adam and Eve togs. Exuding in her **puris naturalibus**, she splashed around while submerged, as the Negulesco camera sponged up far-shots, close-ups and mediums. In the editing room, however, Negulesco selected only those portions of the sequence which would not offend the moral code. The unexpurgated scene of Angie's wet romp and wet rump, showing the natural resources of North Dakota, won't capture any film festival awards, but it is one of the highlights of the "Potpourri" lineup.

Perhaps the most unusual of all the strips in "Potpourri" is the one in which the main figure is neither an established screen actress nor does she ever get down to the bare facts. Yet, in its own way, it serves as the picture's climactic ending and provides the viewer with what is easily the most interesting phase of the movie. This is the part showing "Miss Denmark of 1959."

Miss Denmark, who was better known to newsmen as Hanna Rasmussen when she became the central figure in Rome's Super Call Girl Ring scandal, made only one movie at Cinecitta, called "Oil Caravan." Hanna turned state's witness after the D.A. revealed her as one of the call girls charging clients a million lire a night (in U.S. dollars that comes to $1,600). Twenty-one-year-old Hanna Rasmussen was one of 30 femmes in the most high-priced call girl ring of all time. Because she had made many headlines as the gal pal of Playboy Prince Raimondo Orsini and because she boasted a superstructure that challenges the tape at 41 well-stacked inches, Hanna was the star of Madam Mary Fiore's cat-alogue. "Censorial Potpourri" shows several bikini shots of the top-heavy piece of Danish pastry in "Oil Caravan," which was strictly a B potboiler, and a few newsreel clips taken of her during the sensational trial in Rome.

"Potpourri" comes to a close featuring Hanna's wiggly backside with the Italian word for "The End" superimposed on this part of her anatomy. The word in Italian happens to be "FINE"—which means that English-speaking persons who see the film can make what they want of the double-entendre. ■

VAMPIRE

(Continued from page 45)

apparitions of the **incubus** in witches and the like. Much of the celebrated **Malleus Maleficorum** of 1484 is an Inquisitorial text-book on how to detect and torture vampires (though the term was not then popular). By any standards of psychiatry it would be considered a wildly "disturbed" book today. It is, in short, a manual of sadism. By the middle of the seventeenth century science had had its effect, and a more rational view was taken by a French Benedictine, Dom Calmet, who devoted a vast volume to apparitions in general. The Dom could find no holes round the graves of suspect vampires and concluded against the belief; but the care of his documentation showed how strongly seated it was. In fact, Dom Calmet was writing not long after the exhumation and decapitation of five bodies, suspected of vampirism, in Austria.

So today we relegate the idea to the realm of the "occult," perhaps conveniently forgetting that vampiric attacks are annually recorded still. Only a few years ago in New York there was discovered a Puerto Rican who apparently could only satisfy himself on pints of his wife's blood, and splashed much of it on the walls of his apartment as well. The story made the tabloids for a day, then the "patient" was hospitalized, and some tag like "hematomania" or "necrophagy" hung round his neck. The episode was straight out of the first part of de Sade's **Juliette** where the very greatest possible transgression was associated by de Sade with the act of blood-letting.

In the 1920's a German butcher called Fritz Haartman was tried for having bitten some twenty-seven young men to death. He was classified as a necro-sadist, not a vampire. Necro-sadism evidently also took place in the Leopold-Loeb case in Chicago in 1924. The trial in London of George Haigh in 1949, however, brought to light vampirism rampant. The case can be looked up in a volume of the **Famous British Trials** series. Haigh was hanged, but he violated his female victims sexually and drank their blood before killing them. However, these are not technical vampires or even lycanthropes, for such beings (like the lovely lamia who lures handsome men to death) only haunt the beds of those dear to them in life. What, then, is a vampire?

A vampire is generally described as being exceedingly gaunt and lean with a hideous countenance and eyes wherein are glinting the fires of perdition. When, however, he has satiated his lust for warm human blood, his body becomes horribly bloated as though he were some great leech, gorged and replete to bursting. Cold as ice, or it may be fevered and burning as hot coal, the skin is deathly pale, but the lips are very full and rich, bulbous and red; the teeth white and gleaming . . .

This description, from the late Montague Summers, aptly gives us the stereotype. Originally the vampire was a he more often than a she. The vampire was—undead. He will gravitate towards those with past sexual attraction for him, bite the chosen victim and suck her blood. Early instances of premature burials (cataleptic states perhaps?) lent authority and popular credence to the possibility. And the vampire created other vampires by his bite and by the venom he infused into the body. The bite was usually the jugular vein or the breast. This blood was his nourishment. The practice became hereditary. The soul lay in the blood.

A transmission of rabies? Bites from a particularly poisonous form of bat? Are such the origin of the belief? We shall not know. Certainly, by the middle of the nineteenth century the vampire had changed sex. The predatory woman of the new society may have been responsible. In any case the myth later accumulated around the female of the species. And to get rid of this parasite various methods were proposed: total burning (mandatory cremation was actively advocated in America round the turn of the century); a sharply pointed stake driven through the heart; sprinkling with holy water, and the like. The vampire would scream, emit a fountain of blood, and perish for ever.

Are we today to assume that these centuries of belief and definite manifestation, are all so much hocus-pocus? Modern science would have it so. And part of modern science is the new psychiatry. This is surely where the whole myth takes on a different meaning. For today the vampire is "sick." De Sade, creator of the Comte de Gernande who could only reach sexual orgasm by seeing buckets of blood drawn from his wife, was considered insane. He died, saying that he had never killed a single human being, a remark clearly addressed to Napoleon. Christ gave his blood to save our souls.

In short, it can be argued that the "infantile incest wishes" with which Ernest Jones manages to accomodate vampirism are no more than the modern scientific world's unhappy, perhaps pathetic attempt to eliminiate the **borderline**—the realm of the restless undead. De Sade, who lived his life in a cell, was undead. So, too, it seems, were the vampiric patients treated by Wilhelm Stekel. Case 48, of Stekel's **Sadism and Masochism,** gives the story of a professional grave-digger who drank his own semen and his mother's urine in surrogate vampiric actions; the next case he relates is, if anything, more tragic, and concerns a vampiric woman. An article entitled "The Menstruation Complex in Literature," in a recent issue of the **Psychoanalytic Quarterly,** describes the disturbed dreams of menstruating women; these center heavily on an imagery of the vampire. Menstruation is a little image of dying (and is seen by pubertal patients); in this sense, death accosts his victim like a lover. The desired love-object, at the same time, carries a burden of guilt for the dreamer (signified by all the kisses and bitings), and cannot rest in his, or her grave. That desire is so close to punishment, is a terrible commentary on our civilization, and the vampire lives it out. Nor should we forget that by drawing its blood by sucking, the vampire makes an allusion to the nursing child. Psychologists have further insisted that the blood can be seen as symbolic of semen, indicating the lover's fear that his sexual partner is draining him of his "vital fluid," which is to say—of his life. There was one ancient ritual for locating vampires which consisted in setting loose nude chaste youths astride black stallions in a graveyard: the horse thus ridden would stop short at a vampire's grave. The symbolism is obvious enough.

But such psychological interpretations overlook the fact that it is only relatively recently—during the period of feminine emancipation—that the vampire has become a woman. Southey's poem "Thalaba the Destroyer" (begun in 1799) was almost certainly the first major poem in English on feminine vampirism. It may have influenced Coleridge. But Polidori, Byron and later writers all use the older tradition, and the French writers who made so many plays out of the trend fell back not only on the masculine tradition, but English nomenclature, often calling their vampire Lord Ruthwen. The older Dumas wrote a fantastic five-act drama, first put on in 1851, that still assumes a powerful male vampire; his female of this kind in the same play is a **goule**, one who feasts on the dead (the vampire, of course, feasts only on the living). And still at the end of the nineteenth century the vampire is predominantly masculine, as attested by the publication in 1897 of that classic of its kind, Bram Stoker's **Dracula.** However, the famous Count of this tale has three vampiric hench-women who hypnotize the pure and intrepid English protagonist, Jonathan Harker. ("He is young and strong; there are kisses for us all," as one tells another.) Much more interest was obviously taken by the author in the attacks made by Dracula on Jonathan's fiancee, Mina. It is further interesting that vampirism is here envisaged as contagious again—an epidemic of hematomania is feared.

The whole psychological apparatus which has attempted to domesticate the vampire in our days is itself a superstition, of course, in the sense that we must assume a great deal of the "unknown" for it to operate. We must assume a common symbology, and so on. It seems like arguing in a circle to try to explain a vampire by calling it a hematomaniac. Why, one could just as well ask, is a hematomaniac a vampire? Why do males continued to drink from feminine veins?

PRIZE FOR MANUEL

(Continued from page 43)

potentialities in foreign travel. He reflected sadly that even a rich man could always do with a little more money. Another 20,000, for instance, and he could travel to the Riviera and chance his luck.

Senora Glorita was setting the table for supper when he returned. She smiled at him and told him she was making his favorite dish this evening—**mole**.

"Magnificent," said Manuel delightedly. "And I will go out and get a bottle of good white wine."

"No need," she answered. "I have a bottle on ice in the kitchen."

"Did you find the flowers and perfume I bought for you?" Manuel asked. "You can have the rent any time you want it, too."

"I did indeed, and it was very nice of you, **Senor** Garcia." She spoke with unaccustomed gentleness so that Manuel thought: "Great Heavens! I really have melted her old rock of a heart."

"As for the rent," she continued, "I don't want that. You can keep it as my present to you."

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "You want to make me a present of the rent? What's the matter?"

"Because you are a gentleman, for one thing," she said, "and because I am going to sell the boarding house."

"Going to sell . . . ? What's all this?"

She folded her arms across her ample bosom and looked at him squarely.

"I have won a million pesos on the lottery," she said. "My ticket won first prize."

"Your ticket won . . .?" Manuel's jaw dropped, his eyes protruded and he felt as if he were about to fall. Recovering himself somehow, he looked keenly at **Senora** Glorita. He saw her pursed lips and dark eyes that were brimming with merriment—and he understood. She must have gone back to the lottery bank, like the cautious old thing she was, just to check on what she supposed was her own ticket and found that it had won the big prize. **She** had become a millionaire on **his** ticket. Then she had put two and two together and seen through his deceit.

For several seconds he stood there staring at her, marveling at the duplicity of fate. Then he realized there was nothing left to do but to submit. He felt laughter rising in him which he could not, and had no wish to suppress. She, too, could contain herself no longer. They stood looking at each other and laughing until the tears flowed and their sides ached, until they could stand no longer and sat down facing each other and pointing at each other and wiping their eyes and laughing, and laughing.

CAPRI

(Continued from page 49)

clubs like Il Gatto Bianco or Number Two where drinks are 1000 lire ($1.65) of somebody else's money. He isn't worried about competition from young Americans. "The ladies prefer a man who thinks Italian, sings Italian and makes love **all'Italiana**. American men don't even know how to light a lady's cigarette!"

It is not surprising that this tiny island in the Gulf of Naples is so passionately devoted to off-beat pleasure. The tradition goes back to 79 A.D. as evidenced by the excavations at nearby Pompeii. The tourist guide there explains, completely deadpan, that the bas-reliefs in the pavement, which are shaped like an arrow with two small spheres at the base, represent a stylized male organ pointing straight to the local **casa di toleranza**. In the famous house of the Vetti brothers well-preserved murals depict couples in various amatory poses of great imagination. But the plum of the tour is a large al fresco mural which is covered by a locked wooden door. A tip to the guide will unlock the painting which shows a man placing his gigantic equipment on a scale. The other side of the scale, hopelessly outweighed and way up in the air, holds a bag of gold. Guide: "And so we see, **signori**, that a good—er—man is worth a lot more than mere gold!" The picture is intended for male viewers only, but you never saw so many women pushing their men out of the way.

Although I had visited Naples and Capri on several occasions it was my last visit that really opened the island to me. My guide was a statuesque young woman named Simonetta who is a now-and-then resident. I had met her in New York and when I mentioned that I was going to Italy she said enthusiastically: "You must come to see my island. Check your mail at the American Express in Naples. I'll write and let you know where you can find me."

Several years later in Naples—I had just finished a lunch of grilled **scampi** and **vino Capri**—I remembered her words. And sure enough, there was a card from Simonetta at the American Express giving her address in Capri. I quickly packed an overnight bag, taxied to the pier and caught the afternoon boat just as it was preparing to cast off.

I could have taken the helicopter or the new hydrofoil, but the old-fashioned steamboat seemed more fun. The Gulf of Naples is known for its short, choppy, **mal-de-mer**-inducing waves, and that afternoon the waves were very short and very choppy. Many of the happy holiday-people aboard became quite sick, and a steward rushed around with a bottle and glasses administering sweet vermouth to the victims.

Off the portside the gracefully sweeping cone of Mount Vesuvius, crowned by a pall of haze, formed a placid backdrop to the rough sea. A red-faced Englishman of the retired colonel type turned to me with a disdainful glance at the suffering passengers. "There are too damn many foreigners visiting Capri these days," he barked. "Most of them **Italians!**"

A quaint-looking funicular lifts you from the Marina Grande where the boat docks straight up the mountainside to the Piazza. But a better if slower way to get there is by horse-drawn carriage. You jog leisurely up the hill, zigzagging along hairpin curves while the view becomes more and more breathtaking. At the entrance to the Piazza with its old clocktower the carriage stopped. This was the end of the line. Only pedestrians allowed! I asked for Via Campo di Teste, but no one had heard of the street. Streets have no names here I was told. But when I mentioned la Signorina Simonetta all faces lit up. Everybody knew **her**.

Simonetta was sound asleep, but it didn't take her long to wake up. While she dressed with studied carelessness I examined her room. A pink silk scarf, pinned to the wall over her bed had an embroidered legend on it: '**Les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitie!**' (Ze little gifts zey support ze friendship!). Simonetta seemed pleased to see me. She took me through some narrow, winding streets to a friend's house. "All hotels are jampacked," she said, "and the **pensiones** are full of German tourists. You'll be comfortable here and the money you save we can spend together."

We sat down at a shady table in the Piazza. Simonetta ordered a **limonata**. "I don't touch alcohol," she said. "It's one vice I haven't got. The **only** one!"

She explained the sights to me. "You see the old man with the meerschaum pipe and the Sardinian shoulder bag? He is Signor Gratis, a champion freeloader. He'll tell you the story of his life for a Campari. The defeated looking Austrian over there is 'the man who slapped Hitler's face.' But no one is interested in that anymore."

A beatnik in a boatneck sweater waved and Simonetta waved back. Pretty soon it became apparent that I was attending a daily ritual. Simonetta was holding court. While a parade of oddly assorted characters stopped by to greet her she smoked incessantly hanging one cigarette after another in the left corner of her mouth where it smoldered until it was replaced by a fresh one. Every so often the ashes would drop on her ample bosom.

A depraved looking woman with high cheek bones came slinking over and kissed Simonetta's ear. She was, I learned later, an interpretive dancer from Warsaw, Greenwich Village and Provincetown, Mass., who had lately appeared in a Fellini movie. Other types of various sexes stopped briefly at our table gushing over Simonetta and bestowing little kisses on her.

There was a small-time racketeer from Jersey City who had come to Italy for good, courtesy of the U.S. Dept. of Justice. "Ten years ago," Simonetta said, "deported gangsters were very fashionable here. Respectable American tourists fell over each other to rub elbows with them and get their autograph. But that era is dead."

A German girl with long blonde hair, who'd been a bit player in 'La Dolce Vita,' and a young English archeologist sat down with us. "Tony is a dear and I love him passionately," Simonetta said stroking the hair on Tony's chest. "A rich Roman architect is trying to lure him away from me, but we won't let him, Tony, will we?"

This table under the red umbrella

on the Piazza was Simonetta's headquarters, but her influence appeared to reach far beyond the island. She supplied a contact for someone going to 'The City' (**La Citta** means Rome, not Naples) and she gave a man a phone number in Chelsea. There was a woman she knew from Haiti and an actor she'd met in Torremolinos. A couple stopping at the table asked her to 'look us up when you get to Acapulco.'

The setting sun cast a pink glow over the Piazza. "This is the best hour in Capri's day," said Simonetta discarding a 1/2-inch cigarette butt and lighting its replacement. "The crummy day-tourists from Naples have left on the last boat and now the island belongs to the people who belong here. The artist. The writers. The cut-rate nobility. The chic perverts and the elegant failures. And me. We don't want the souvenir shoppers and fanny pinchers on the island and we're doing something about it. Lately we've been spreading the word that Capri is out, passe, dead. And it's beginning to show results. You mention Capri among international travel experts and they'll tell you it's no longer the place to go. Sardinia **si**, Capri **no**!

"Last year Paris had a hit song '**Capri c'est fini!**' That's okay with us. The more they sneer the better we like it.

"Tonight you and I are going to a crazy party up in Anacapri, Baby, and when we get home in the morning you'll agree that for a dead island Capri is a pretty lively corpse."

She called the young waiter and kissed his hand. "Mario, **caro**, bring me a pack of cigarettes!" ■

HOTLINE

(Continued from page 37)

to wrest the fabulous hoard of sparkling jewels lying seven fathoms down on the floor of the sea off the dimaond-rich coast of South West Africa.

Diamonds have been facetiously referred to as "a girl's best friend," but more appropriately they have been recognized down through the centuries as an unvariable medium of exchange. In times of economic upheaval, devastating wars, and through countless revolutions, the value of diamonds has never faltered, and they have remained the one constant measure of wealth, fluctuating neither in value nor demand.

The Book of Exodus (Circa 1200 B.C.) twice mentions the diamond as one of the twelve most precious stones, set in the High Priest's breastplate, and Jeremiah (Circa 600 B.C.) wrote: "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron and the point of a dimaond."

For untold centuries, the brilliance of diamonds was concealed by the lack of cutting techniques, the practice being merely to rub one diamond against another to make a crude face or "facet," but in the fifteenth century, Louis van Berquem began to cut diamonds according to a deliberate geometric pattern. With the true fire of the diamond thus revealed, no other gem could so enhance the beauty of the wearer, and women naturally came to prefer diamonds over any other precious stone.

Early in the eighteenth century, when the deposits from India had become exhausted, important discoveries were made in Brazil which remained the chief source of supply for 150 years. It was at this time that much larger deposits were discovered in South Africa. In 1866 a farmboy picked up a 22-carat diamond near the Orange River, while three years later, still another magnificent stone, weighing over 83 carats, was found in the same vicinity, and sold for $30,000.00.

Fortune hunters and prospectors converged upon South Africa and before long some fifty thousand people were digging in the veldt. Around them grew up a large mining camp which became the birthplace of the city of Kimberley, and the leading diamond mining company in the world. Diamonds in South Africa are found in the blue clay of extinct volcanic "pipes" or fissures.

Precious stones are dangerous ground for the amateur as he is not skilled to assess the qualities which give value to a gem, and must rely on the expertise—and honesty—of his supplier.

Diamond values are related to four basic principles—carat-weight, color, clarity, and cut

"I'm just giving you a brief rundown on the diamond business," Sammy Collins had told me in his sumptuous sixth-floor Cape Town office, "because I know only too well that over the next decade, hundreds of young Americans—adventurers and explorers—will find their way down here to South Africa in the hope of striking it rich. The majority will fail, primarily because they think that research on this important subject is for

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the 'squares.' Well, that's not true," he said seriously. "If you're going to be an attorney, you study law; a gold-miner knows how and where to look for gold; and if you're going for broke in diamonds, you've got to know all about them—everything."

Samuel Vernon Collins, a Texas millionaire, born of Irish-American pioneer stock, started his career as a roustabout on the Texas oil fields, and in a remarkably short space of time, developed a multi-million-dollar organization by way of oil, dredging, and submarine pipeline companies. For the past ten years, "Sammy," as he likes to be called, has been established as an experienced entrepreneur with companies strategically placed to cover the globe. In 1960 he was first brought face to face with his marine diamond dream, while one of his companies was conducting a survey for a submarine pipeline at Oranjemund, South West Africa. Having read many articles on the fabulous diamond coast of South West Africa, Collins immediately recognized the fact that the sea, along this coast, was merely offset property adjoining the producing mines on the land. His long experience with working in the sea told him that this novel type of over-burden would present no unsurmountable problem. This was new ground, and new ideas and methods had to be evolved to overcome the idiosyncracies of the ever-present, ever-chaning guardian of underwater diamonds—the implacable sea.

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It was high noon when we hove-to off the "Diamantkus," Collins' floating diamond mine, as unique a ship as ever sailed the seas, and moments later, I boarded her, a tricky maneuver due to the mountainous swells.

Carrying three thousand tons of machinery and electronic gear, the "Diamantkus" is equipped with several large black suction hoses, that probe the sea bed 7,000 fathoms below, and while in operation, writhe continuously like the tentacles of a giant octopus. In this manner, the sea bed is pumped to the surface; first, the sand and slush, and then, as the nozzles of the pipes penetrate deeper, shell, gravel, and a variety of stones, some larger than a man's head, until finally the nozzle reaches bed rock, perhaps forty feet below the surface sand. The gravel and the crevices in the rock are the richest sources of diamonds. In a memorable strike, one of Collins' floating diamond mines lifted 2,193 carats in twenty-four hours. They were finding sixty to seventy diamonds in each load, during twenty-minute intervals. It was a real bonanza—$90,000.00 worth of stones in one day!

Before the gravel finds its way to the inspectors, it passes through various processes. All the big stuff is automatically dumped overboard. If another Cullinan diamond, the largest in the world weighing 3,106 carats, found its way into Collins' vibrating grid, it would immediately be rejected and cast back into the sea, before anyone could do anything about it. But the chances of finding a diamond of this size are rather remote, and not considered worth the extra cost in labor to process it.

In spite of the difficulties, the Marine Diamond Corporation, Ltd., has produced almost 400,000 carats of diamonds in its three years of operation. Eventually, it hopes to produce a million carats a year. Collins estimates the reserves at forty to fifty million carats, scattered over his 14,000 square-mile oceanbed concession.

"So far we've only covered 150 acres, he said, "and there are enough diamonds down there to last a hell of a long time."

The crew of 65 who man the floating diamond mine, work in a cycle of 27 days: 18 days of long 12-hour shifts, followed by nine days shoreleave. The corporation takes the outgoing crew to Luderitz aboard the "Marina," and then flies them to Cape Town in its own fleet of planes.

If you're adventurous, reaching South Africa is not as difficult as it may seem. Currently, the country is desperately seeking immigrants and in many instances, if you have learned a trade, or have technical and mechanical skills, it is quite possible that you can immigrate to South Africa with most of your air fare paid by the government. A letter addressed to the Director of the Department of Immigration in Johannesburg will bring the full particulars. But even on your own, reaching South Africa is not too expensive.

Pan American World Airways, for example, has flights from New York to Johannesburg with a round-trip fare of $1,045.00, just slightly more than the price of a good one-carat diamond. Or, if you like, you may take one of several cargo, passenger vessels that Farrell, Robin, Safmarine & Nedlloyd operate regularly between America and South African ports. Fares start at $500.00 New York to Capetown.

Living conditions in both South and South West Africa, the latter being administered by the Republic of South Africa, under mandate of the League of Nations, can be found to suit every type of budget from luxury hotels at $25.00 a day, double, to good old-fashioned boarding houses scattered throughout the country, where food and lodging can be had for as little as $15.00 per week.

Fortunately, language will be no barrier, as English is spoken everywhere.

Those possessing the required skills and seriously considering immigration, are fortunate in that in many instances jobs can be secured in advance through the Department of Immigration before ever leaving the United States.

So, stow your gear, and heave-to—A country that is currently producing over 80% of the world's gold, as well as 92% of its diamonds is not to be brushed aside lightly. Without question, opportunities in all fields are unlimited and remember this—perhaps you too, can reap at least a part of the fabulous harvest of diamonds lying beneath the sea. ■

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS DIAMONDS

"Romantic" is one of the most overworked words in the language, and seems to be applied indiscriminately to everything from perfume to peas. To apply it to the diamond, however, is beyond criticism, for the web of history has surrounded the great stones with an almost bizarre magic more reminiscent of the novelist than of fact. Few readers are likely to own a diamond of more than a few carats—and then only the lucky ones—but the histories of the famous stones, far beyond the reach of most private individuals, never fail to stir the imagination.

Probably the most extraordinary tale concerns the Koh-I-Noor, now among the British Crown Jewels. The "Mountain of Light," to translate its name, was once set in the Peacock Throne of the Great Moguls, and was taken by the Persian conqueror, Nadir Shah, from Shah Jehan by a trick, in 1739. Shah Jehran, remembered by most of us today as the builder of the Taj Mahal as a tomb for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, wore the diamond hidden in his turban. Nadir Shah, guessing the situation, arranged a reception and suggested that Jehan should change turbans with him as a mark of mutual respect. There was little the Shah could do but acquiesce and the famous stone thus made its way to Persia. In due course, the Koh-I-Noor returned to India and was ultimately presented to Queen Victoria, in 1850, by the East India Company.

At least two of the world's great diamonds sparkled among the splendors of the Tsars of Russia. The larger of the two, the Orloff, was stolen by a French soldier from the eye of a Hindu idol in a Mysore temple—shades of Kipling's "Eye of the Little Yellow God!" The stone changed hands many times until it was purchased by Count Gregory Orloff who attempted to curry favor with Catherine the Great, to whom he presented it. He was wasting his time, for he was never reinstated in favor but the fine 199 carat rose-cut diamond was mounted in the Russian sceptre and can be seen to this day in the Kremlin. The second of the Russian stones, smaller than the Orloff but of equal beauty, is known as the Eugenie. It belonged to Catherine the Great who wore it in her hair until she gave it, in a burst of affection, to her favorite, Potemkin. A wonderfully cut oval brilliant, the diamond was passed down through his family until it was sold to Napoleon III for his wife, Eugenie—hence the name. When the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 drove the Empress from France, this diamond, with other jewels, was smuggled from the Tuilleries wrapped in newspaper and was taken to England where it was sold.

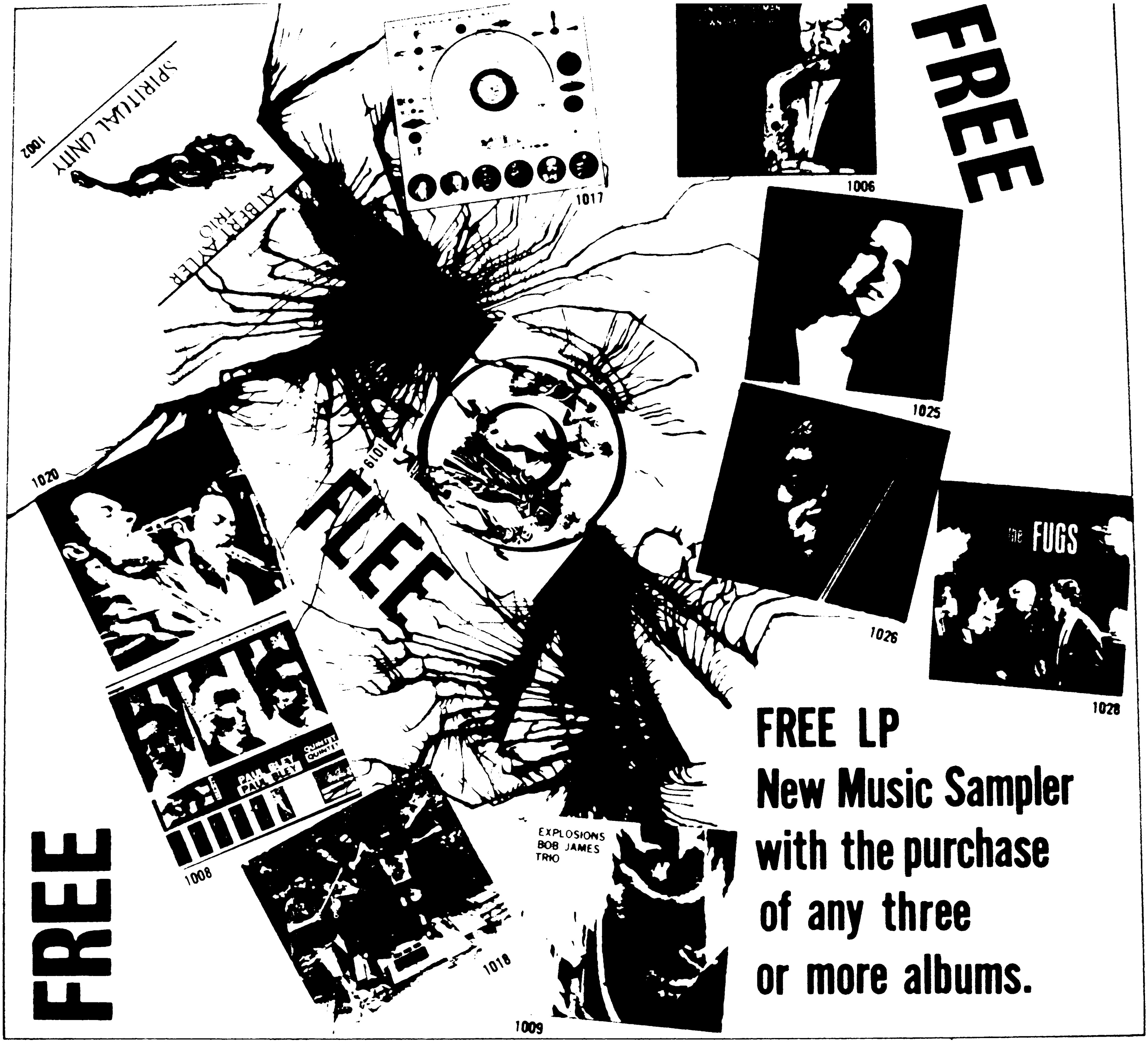
Another fine stone caught in the web of French history was the Regent. Found by a slave in India in 1701, it was 410 carats in the rough, though in its cut form it reduced to 140 carats. The slave wound the stone in a bandage against his leg and escaped to the coast where the diamond was eventually sold to Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, and great-grandfather of William Pitt. The stone was sent to England, and after being cut, was purchased by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, from whom it got its name. The stone was set in the crown of Louis XV until the great jewel robbery of 1792. It was later found in a Parisian garret and was reinstated by being set in the coronation sword of Napoleon. When Bonaparte was exiled, Marie Louise took it with her to the Chateau de Blois, but her father, the Emperor of Austria, with unusual honesty, returned it to France. When the Germans invaded Paris in 1940, it was again sent out of the city—this time to Chambord where it was hidden behind a stone panel. It now sparkled gloriously in the Louvre.

Diamonds are by no means all white and a good example of a famous colored stone is the yellow Florentine of 137 carats. The story goes that it was worn by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, when he fell in battle in 1476. It was picked up by a soldier who is said to have sold it for a florin. After this it changed hands many times before reaching the Medici family. When the Medici family petered out, the Florentine passed to the royal house of Austria and accompanied them into exile, but has since disappeared.

One cannot speak of great colored diamonds and omit the Dresden Green. This almond-shaped stone of 41 carats is clear, apple green in color was originally one of the treasures of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, who died in 1733. It remained in Dresden where it was displayed at the palace until the Second World War but has now been taken by the Russians and is more difficult to see, in the Kremlin.

Finally, one must make mention of the beautiful Hope with its legend of tragedy which is too well known to be retold. Many experts believe this blue diamond was once the blue Tavernier owned by the French kings and last worn by Louis XVI. They believed that the diamond was stolen during the French Revolution and smuggled to England to be cut, becoming not only the Hope but also the Brunswick Blue. The Hope is now in possession of the Smithsonian Institution.

These are but a few of the strange stories associated with great diamonds but, in the very nature of priceless stones, almost every greatly-valued diamond can tell a tale of high romance and adventure.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